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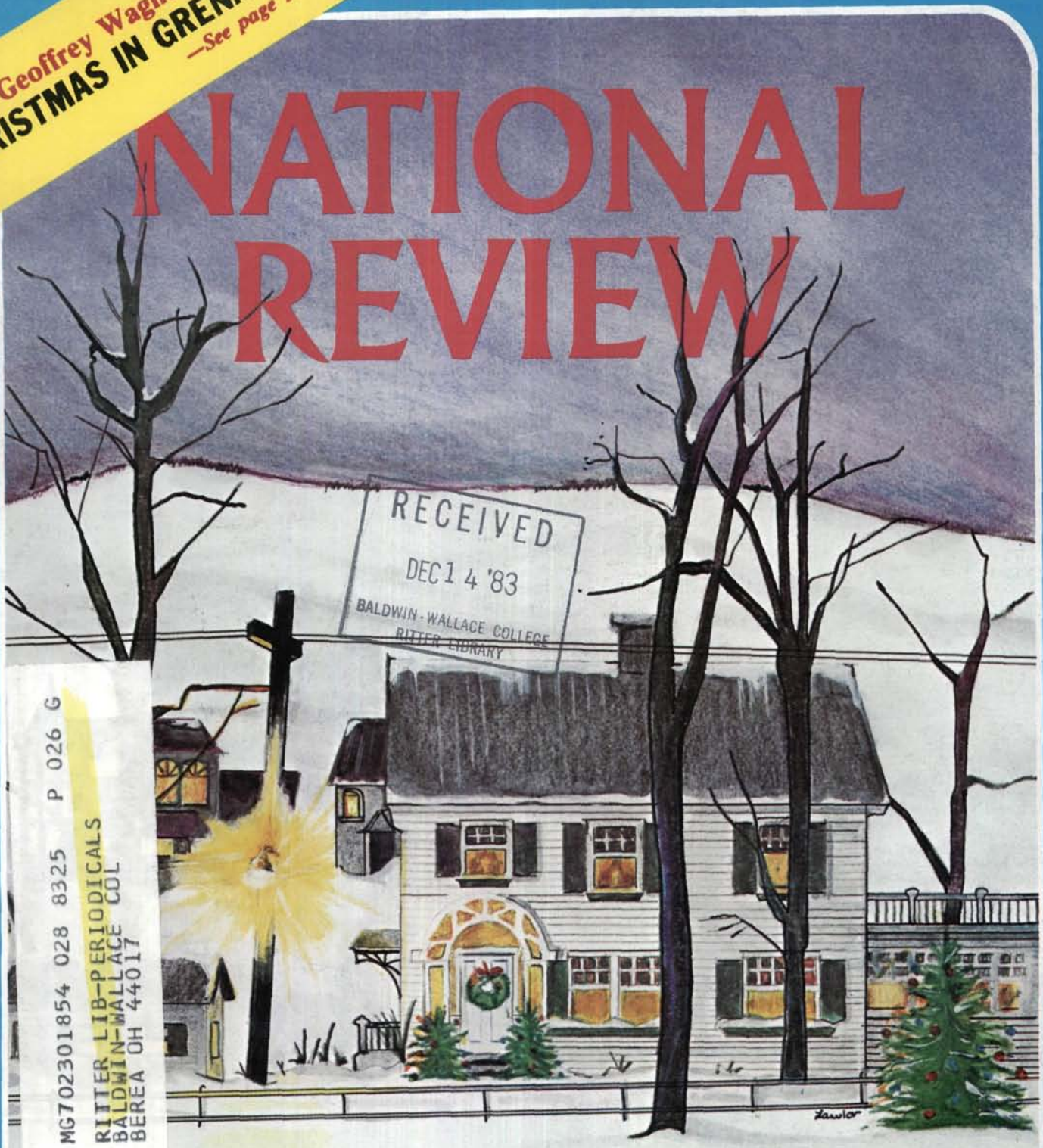
Geoffrey Wagner's
RISTMAS IN GRENADA
—See page 1613

NATIONAL REVIEW



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"It Says Here..." *Aloïse Buckley Heath*

A Skid-Row Christmas *Francis Russell*

Forrest McDonald • M. E. Bradford • S. T. Cohen
Priscilla L. Buckley • Joe Mysak • Michael Novak

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There are places on earth that seem unchanged since the seventh day of creation, and it is one of society's great dilemmas that the spiritual need for these beautiful places is as great as the practical need for the energy that may be hidden beneath them.

A respect for the environment has long been an article of faith at the Gulf Oil Corporation. Each year, Gulf presents a Gulf Oil Conservation Award to twenty individuals and five nonprofit organizations in recognition of their dedicated service in the field of renewable natural resources.

Now, it is Gulf's turn to acknowledge an honor. The Outdoor Writers Association of America has selected Gulf as the 1983 recipient of its Mountain of Jade Award, in recognition of Gulf's work, both practical and educational, "to preserve, perpetuate, or improve the quality of America's great outdoors."

In particular, Gulf is proud to be the first company to receive the Mountain of Jade Award, and to join a distinguished roster of conservation organizations that have won it in previous years.

Gulf

Gulf Oil Corporation

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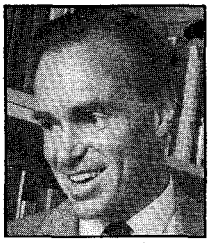
NATIONAL REVIEW

DECEMBER 23, 1983
VOL. XXXV, NO. 25

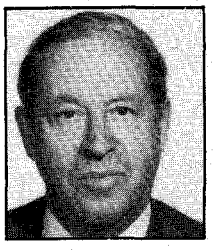
RUSSELL
Page 1598

HEATH
Page 1604

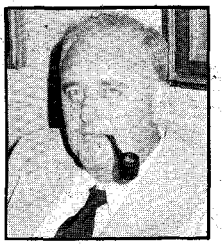


WAGNER
Page 1613

NOVAK
Page 1616



COHEN
Page 1621



BRADFORD
Page 1622

Christmas

1598 A Skid Row Christmas
Here they are, life's losers—without jobs, without families, without futures, almost without hope. Almost. *Francis Russell*

1604 It Says Here . . .
'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the Heath house, all hell was about to break loose. *Aloïse Buckley Heath*

1616 The Sex of Christmas
The good Lord seems to have gone out of His way to affront feminists—those who, as Chesterton put it, "dislike the chief feminine characteristics." *Michael Novak*

Articles & Columns

1594 Making Reaganism Last
The President may leave his most enduring legacy in his second-term Supreme Court appointments. This could also be a winning issue in 1984. *John McLaughlin*

1596 The Law as an Ass
International law makes no provision for one major contingency, much favored by the Soviets. *Brian Crozier*

1602 The Media at Bay
The intellectuals of the Philadelphia Society met in New York to ponder what to do with, about, to, and even for the media. *William F. Rickenbacker*

1611 The Uneasy Case against Reverend Moon
The IRS couldn't have picked a more unpopular target for an assault on religious freedom. But if Sun Myung Moon goes to prison, your pastor or bishop may face legal harassment next. *John McClaughry*

1613 Christmas in Grenada
"Everywhere our truck went we saw locals waving and pro-U.S. signs. Anthony Lewis would have gone crazy." *Geoffrey Wagner*

Books Arts & Manners

1617 David J. Garrow's sympathetic book about Martin Luther King's troubles with the FBI tells a lot, along the way, about King and Marxism. **Joseph Sobran** wonders why we've heard so little about it lately, when most Americans would have found it disturbing. . . . FDR-worshipper William E. Leuchtenburg is carried away by RR-hatred, laments **Forrest McDonald**. . . . JFK-worshipper William Manchester gets carried away too, but **Joe Mysak** finds it forgivable. . . . **S. T. Cohen** looks *Inside the Soviet Army* and shudders. . . . **M. E. Bradford** welcomes Bryan Griffin's anti-Philistine philippic. . . . **Nika Hazelton** offers a recipe for a good cookbook. . . . **Priscilla L. Buckley** visits the laid-back Azores, where the hot-rodders go by burro. . . . **D. Keith Mano** investigates a chic disease.

Letters	**1580**
For the Record	**1584**
The Week	**1585**
help	**1614**
The Right Books	**1629**
On the Right	**1632**
Trans-O-Gram	**1634**

Cover design by Colleen Lawlor

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Letters

Spiritual Strength

In "Three Key Moments in Modern Japanese History" [Dec. 9], Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn argues the pessimistic view that "the internal, and especially the spiritual, strength of the United States is no longer equal to the worldwide responsibilities it has taken on." His examples (Vietnam, Iran, Nicaragua, El Salvador, Cuba) provide hard evidence for this thesis. But perhaps—based on Solzhenitsyn's own criteria—events since this piece was written indicate a more positive view of the United States. Not only did we intervene in Grenada, providing for the first overthrow of a Communist regime ever, as Mr. Crozier points out in the same issue, but the American people overwhelmingly supported the action, and the press, try though it might, was unable to drum up much outrage.

Joe Woodruff
Yonkers, N.Y.

Additional Details

Your picture ["The Week," Nov. 11] of Dr. Kerr's accusations that Chairman Bennett had produced "a staff that has almost no women or minorities at the highest levels of the agency," the National Endowment for the Humanities, needs two more details.

First, Chairman Bennett retained as directors and deputy directors of most of the agency's divisions the very talented professionals who had held those positions under Mr. Duffey. The deputy directors were then, and remain, mainly women. So at their foundations Dr. Kerr's accusations are not only political, but also distorted. Chairman Bennett affirmed the high standard of professionalism of the staff that the NEH has assembled over its 15 years of life: male and female, black and white, Anglo and Hispanic (to use the jargon).

Second, you partially exculpate the writer of a "letter never meant to become public." Does this suggest that Congressman Yates somehow violated a confidence? I think it unfair to him. He got a letter from a constituent, true enough. But it was not about a problem with someone's Social Security check. The letter came to the chairman of the House subcommittee that deals with the NEH. What is secret about all this? It is a matter of public policy, to be debated in the open. Allegedly secret letters have no place in such debates, even though Dr. Kerr imagined otherwise (perhaps because of prior modes of private discussion of public business in restricted clubs, a common practice before Chairman Bennett's arrival). Congressman Yates did the responsible thing, by allowing the accused to confront the accuser and her accusation. She got creamed—and then discovered that she meant her letter to be "secret."

Jacob Neusner
Providence, R.I.

Easy Reading

Barely 24 hours after relishing your September 30 issue, including Tom Bethell's article, "Can Juanito Really Read?" I opened my mailbox, and what to my wondering eyes should appear but the following: "Yet, whatever problems the Sandinista government may have, it shines when compared to the Salvadoran government so admired by this Administration. The Sandinistas have all but wiped out illiteracy in their country, teaching virtually all adults to sign their names and decipher simple texts like daily newspapers." This uplifting tidbit is vouchsafed by my congressman, Robert Kastenmeier, in his October newsletter, a simple text no Sandinista would have trouble deciphering.

Now, I probably ought to be used to such howlings, having worked almost three years for the Wisconsin legislature and commanding a clear view, through my office window, of the engines of socialism at work down on the University of Wisconsin campus. But after residing most of my life in the district once represented by the late and much-lamented William Steiger, I find this sort of thing quite a change, and it still sends the blood pressure rocketing off to exotic levels.

Dave Hoopman
Assembly Republican Caucus Staff
Madison, Wis.

Tax Failure

In "The Week" [Nov. 25] you reported that Ohioans defeated two tax-cut measures supported by Democratic Governor Richard Celeste. Wrong. The tax-cut attempt did fail, but Governor Celeste was on the winning side.

Here's what happened. In 1982 the state's voters gave the Democrats control of both houses of the legislature and the governorship. To show their gratitude, the Democrats gave the voters "tax reform," which included a 90 per cent boost in income-tax rates for the middle and upper brackets and some lower rates for the usual favored pressure groups, such as the elderly.

Some conservatives mounted a petition drive to put two proposals on the ballot this year. One would have repealed the massive tax increase, and the other would have changed the state constitution to require a 60 per cent majority of the legisla-

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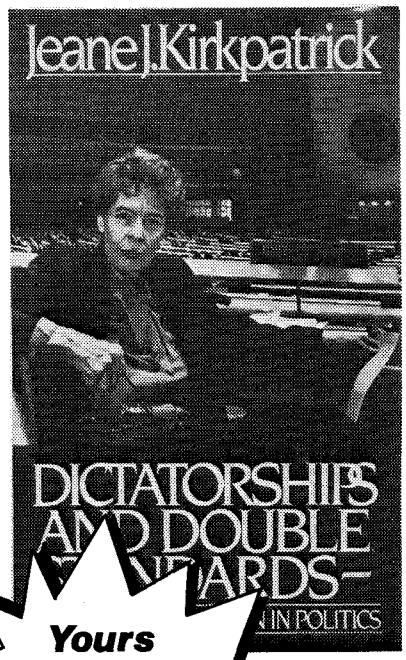
When a former aide to Hubert Humphrey writes a book about liberal hypocrisy, that's news. When her book digs deep, down to the very roots of the liberal worldview, that's IMPORTANT

"How can it be," asks Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick, "that persons so deeply committed to the liberation of South Vietnam and Cambodia. . . were so little affected by the enslavement that followed their liberation? Why are Western liberals — who often are such smart people — such slow learners about Communism?" Our outspoken UN Ambassador answers this riddle in one of the most searching critiques of liberalism since Burnham's *Suicide of the West.*



Yours FREE!

Have you been reading about how the liberals still buried in the State Department keep sniping at Ambassador Kirkpatrick? They spread vicious rumors, lose no opportunity to wield the stiletto. They want the lady out of the way.

Small wonder, when she says things like. . .

★ How the liberals consistently help Marxists get power in the Third World. The media's role. ★ Disaster, thy name is Jimmy. A comprehensive review of the wreck Carter left. ★ The difference between Communists and autocrats. Why the U.S. can properly help the latter, but not the former. ★ The Soviets in Cuba: dug in far deeper than most realize. ★ The *real* problem in El Salvador (knee-jerk liberals haven't even scented it). ★ The fatal flaw of every liberal. ★ *Is* there a silent majority of conservatives? ★ How the McGovern reforms infected the *Republican* Party. ★ What happens when a nation turns its back on tradition. ★ The famous essay that caught President-to-be Reagan's eye.

If the feisty UN Ambassador had simply run through the dismal leftist track record, that would make this a valuable book. But she takes us inside the liberal mind. Her warning: It's a wrecking ball, and it's swinging wildly, out of control.

Did you ever dream you'd hear our Ambassador to the UN saying the unmentionable?

- "Our times seem especially hospitable to bad ideas, probably because, in throwing off the shackles of tradition, we have left ourselves especially vulnerable to untried nostrums and untested theories."
- "The failure of the Carter administration's foreign policy is now clear to everyone except its architects, and even they must entertain private doubts from time to time about a policy whose crowning achievement was to lay the groundwork for a transfer of the Panama Canal."
- "Assisting 'change' did not lead the Carter administration to undertake the destabilization of a *Communist* country. The principles of self-determination and nonintervention are thus both selectively applied. We accepted the status quo in Communist nations (in the name of 'diversity' and national autonomy), but not in nations ruled by 'right wing' dictators or white oligarchies."

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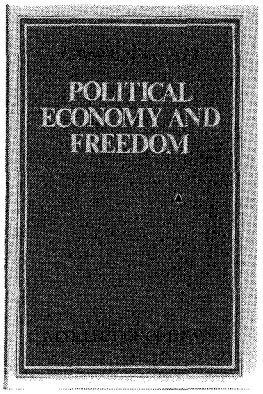

Political Economy
and Freedom:
A Collection of Essays

By G. Warren Nutter
Edited by Jane Couch Nutter
Foreword by Paul Craig Roberts

G. Warren Nutter (1923-1979) was a fine economist who was also a keen student of political institutions. He was a political economist in the classical sense.

The thirty-three essays in this collection illustrate the broad range of Nutter's thought. There are essays on the Soviet economy and international relations as well as essays exploring the economic institutions which support a free society.

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ture to pass future tax bills. The petitions attracted tremendous grass-roots support, and polls published in early autumn led many of us to believe that the good guys would triumph easily in November.

However, Governor Celeste organized an unholy alliance of state employees, welfare clients, retirees, teachers, and retailers and other businessmen (who were afraid of a sales-tax hike if the income tax didn't remain high). They conducted a vigorous advertising campaign in favor of the income tax, with well-produced ads on all the major TV and radio stations in the state.

The liberal side outspent the conservative side by about 4 or 5 to 1. The repeal effort lost by a wide margin. This voter thinks that conservatives everywhere should be concerned. When a major state in Middle America chooses the high-tax, high-public-expenditure philosophy in 1983 one has to wonder how things are likely to pan out in the national elections of 1984.

Barry P. Luzzi
Spring Valley, Ohio

More Reason

My criticism of Steven Baer has now had two lengthy treatments in "Letters" [Oct. 14, Nov. 25]. I would like to have a short space for reply.

Mr. Baer's own counterattack suggested that Episcopalians are somehow threatened with hostile extermination if my views on genetic "culling" are accepted. I suggest that Hitler, Stalin, and countless minor-league imitators were, and are, surely not moved to political massacre by any valid eugenic motive.

Secretary Lewis's letter [Nov. 25] is quite un-Anglican. The doctrines of the Anglican confession rest on a firm tripod—Reason, Scripture, and Tradition. Secretary Lewis's suggestion that the Book of Common Prayer cannot override the King James Bible deposes Reason and Tradition. This deposition would replace our stable tripod with a tottery monopod; it would be wholly un-Episcopalian. Our Church is catholic and apostolic, as attested by the very Nicene Creed that Secretary Lewis cites.

Reason strongly suggests that the recitals of Genesis 1:1 through Genesis 2:3 are divinely inspired, and thus are "Scripture," and that the ensuing stories of Adam and Eve's Eden and Noah's Ark are mere folklore, and hence not "Scripture." That the Lord allowed some eons to pass in the physical evolution of the primate does not suggest to me that "man" was not "created" when the evolved primate was given a "soul." That a physical shell of hopeless incapacity is in God's image and hence can be said to have become "man" and acquired "soul" seems to me to reduce the terms "man" and "soul" to absurdity.

W. Brown Morton Jr.
Warsaw, Va.

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"... nothing else quite like it on the American scene."

—Irving Kristol

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FOR THE RECORD

■ It's got to be Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year time at the White House, with all polls showing **Ronald Reagan** up and still climbing. **Gallup** and **Harris** show Reagan doing well but less well than in other polls, and political analyst **Kevin Phillips** doesn't believe them. The Harris analysis, says Phillips, "is ridiculous, and even Gallup definitely understates Reagan's surge." Phillips agrees with GOP pollster **Richard Wirthlin**'s assessment that recent events have "crystallized the perception that Reagan is a strong leader." . . . On certain specific questions Reagan was way out in front of **Walter Mondale**: "best able to handle foreign policy," 25 points ahead; "stronger leader," 47 points ahead; "best able to improve the economy," 22 points; "keep America strong," 39 points. . . . Gender gap? Among women, 49 per cent now approve Reagan's performance, up five points in two months. . . . Reagan's not hurt at all by reports that in first 11 months of 1983, 2,792,000 new jobs were created.

■ That big pre-holiday traveling Democratic fundraising show raised some funds and lots of hackles. Presidential candidate **Gary Hart** kept on saying presidential candidate **John Glenn** was "a closet Republican" disguised as a Democrat; Glenn kept accusing presidential candidate Mondale of kowtowing to special interests; Mayor **Andrew Young** of Atlanta warned **Jesse Jackson** his candidacy might prove disillusioning for blacks and hurt the Democratic Party; in former Mayor **Daley**'s formerly well-disciplined Chicago, Democratic pols, still smarting over divisive **Harold Washington** battle of last spring, stayed away from fundraising lunch in droves. . . . Gallup cautions that though Mondale is at top of pecking order now, at same time in the campaign season back in 1975 **Jimmy Carter** had just 4 per cent of the vote. For the record, late Nov. polls had Mondale leading Glenn by 11 points (34 to 23); Jackson was at 8; rest of field—Hart, **Cranston**, **McGovern**, **Askew**, **Hollings**—bunched at 1 to 3 per cent. . . . **Claibourne H. Darden Jr.** poll of nine Southern states shows precipitate drop in Glenn fortunes. He now trails Mondale by 14 points, a drop of 20 in six months. . . . But Glenn has won endorsement of Democratic Gov. **Charles Robb** of Va., head of Southern Governors' Association and incoming head of Democratic Governors' Association. Robb says Mondale's politics are "the politics of the past." . . . According to **Mervin Field**, if **John Anderson** makes a third-party run —every indication is that he will—it will seriously affect the chance of *any* Democrat's winning California in '84.

Holland, *London Sunday Telegraph* Rothco

"What was Orwell's forecast for the 1984 budget?"

■ Question: Why aren't the nation's investigative reporters investigating the documents discovered in Grenada? One intelligence analyst calls them the "greatest single trove of information" on Soviet operations since Smolensk was overrun in WW II. Where are **Woodward**, **Bernstein**, and **Hersh**? . . . One paper quotes Soviet chief-of-staff, Marshal **Nikolai Ogarkov**, saying last spring: "Over two decades ago there was only Cuba in Latin America. Today there are Nicaragua, Grenada, and a serious battle is going on in El Salvador." . . . Despite conciliatory talk and gestures by Sandinista junta member **Tomás Borge**, intelligence reports no abating in flow of arms from Nicaragua to El Salvador. . . . **Yuri Andropov** threats of escalating installation of missiles in Eastern Europe not taken kindly by Socialist leaders in Greece and Italy. **Andreas Papandreou** wrote Andropov criticizing his stand; Italian Prime Minister **Bettino Craxi** retorted: "Good relations should not be confused with acquiescence in the face of any form of intimidation. . . . Peace cannot be confused with subjugation." . . . In Paris, International Federation for the Rights of Man has set up journalism prize in honor of Soviet broadcaster **Vladimir Danchev**, who called Soviet forces in Afghanistan "invaders," for which lunacy Danchev now languishes in a psychiatric hospital. . . . U.S. Communist paper *Daily World* tells it like it is. In its "In Focus" column, Dec. 1, the item headlined TERRORISTS MEET tells of Israeli Premier **Yitzhak Shamir**'s White House visit with Ronald Reagan.

■ At Lincoln Center reception honoring his old friend **James Stewart** (and others) Ronald Reagan recalled that when he ran for governor of California, **Jack Warner** (Warner Bros.) commented: "No, no, Jimmy Stewart for governor, Ronald Reagan for best friend."

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THE WEEK

■ We promise—no more jokes about Alan Cranston. He's essentially an indigenous force, and we'd hate to drive him into the arms of the Soviets.

■ Mr. Martin Feldstein, the President's chief economist, has been decrying the deficits and calling for thrift and talking about tax increases; and the media have invented a great donnybrook between him and the President on these matters. Only one or two observers have noted that Mr. Feldstein is merely giving voice now to opinions that he had thoroughly expressed in many publications before his departure for Washington. It is one thing to say the King's minister should sing the King's tune if the King happens to be a musical composer; quite another to hire George Handel late in life and expect him to turn out Asiatic dances. Mr. Feldstein was, perhaps, naïf in accepting the appointment in the first place, for it was poisoned: He was being put forward as a stalking horse for a rump faction of courtiers. Mr. Feldstein has conducted himself honorably. That his forecasts have been far less accurate than those of, say, Milton Friedman is a problem not of his character or his mannerisms but of his economic model. He should resign on principle. A healthy republic thirsts for such resignations from time to time. And on his way out he should take a second look at constitutional reforms—such as those providing for the presidential line-item veto, the balanced budget, limits on tax and expenditure growth—and go down, or, if you prefer, up, in a blaze of glory.

■ In a curious *paseo*, Speaker Tip O'Neill appears to have reversed himself on the Simpson-Mazzoli immigration reform bill. If this is so, the measure could be signed into law after Congress reconvenes in January. It was the Speaker who prevented the bill from reaching the floor of the House in October, claiming that he could find no "constituency" for it—odd, since it had already passed the Senate. Of course, the Hispanic caucus opposes it, and O'Neill was well aware of that, but his real motive seems to have been the fear that Reagan would mousetrap him politically and curry Hispanic favor by vetoing the bill. This, of course, is garbage as political analysis. O'Neill ought to know as well as Reagan does that immigration control is overwhelmingly popular. In its key provisions, the bill would legitimate many illegal aliens already here, and impose penalties on employers who hire future illegals. O'Neill is now confident that Reagan will sign it.

■ The mood on the American college campus is changing. At Kent State, scene of some of the most violence-ridden protests a decade ago, only thirty students showed up to protest Grenada. The Grenada demonstration at Columbia, scene of a classic student insurrection in 1968, was inconsequential. Leon Lazaroff, city editor of the *Daily Cardinal*, campus newspaper at the University of Wisconsin, commented: "The truth of the matter is that it's damned hard to be a liberal today." Many students indeed now feel that way, but what has happened also is that a gap is widening between increasingly conservative students on the one hand, and college administrators and younger tenured faculty on the other. The latter did their graduate work during the Sixties and Seventies, and remain McGovernish and countercultural in many cases. Even if they recognize that the revolution is not going to happen in the society at large, they attempt to impose it where they can, on the campus: black studies, women's studies, El Salvador and nuclear teach-ins, etc. It is across this gap that the campus wars of the Eighties are being fought.

■ Here, Bessie, is who got what in the dairy bill. Dairy farmers in effect get $12.10 per hundred pounds of surplus milk, same as before. They also get $10 per hundred pounds of milk they fail to produce, which is new. Ronald Reagan got a promise that Congress would eliminate the money-for-no-milk feature in 15 months. That, and a quarter, will get him a cup of coffee. The *New York Times* got in a lather because dairy farmers are a welfare group not wholly owned by the liberal wing of the Democratic Party. Tobacco growers got a goody in a rider, but who's keeping track? Rudy Boschwitz (R., Milk) and Jesse Helms (R., Leaf) got new leases on their shaky Senate seats, so the Republicans will be able to keep their Senate majority and continue the fight for leaner government.

■ POPE ASKS SCIENTISTS TO SHUN MILITARY WORK. So ran a typical headline over an account of John Paul II's opening address to the Pontifical Academy of Sciences in Rome. It wasn't precisely what he said. The Pope urged scientists, in one paragraph, to abandon research "for purposes of aggression," and encouraged them, in the next, to "refus[e] certain fields of research inevitably destined . . . for deadly purposes." Well, American military research is governed by the doctrine of deterrence, which is defensive, and whose purpose is

The Dairy Payoff

The lowing herd wind o'er the lea,
  Unhappy with not being milked,
While in the supermarkets we
  Moo, too, because we're being bilked.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The capital continues to focus grimly on the agony in Lebanon. Where will the cycle of retaliation end? The predictions here are all dreadful, including the sinking of a U.S. naval vessel off the Lebanese coast, by any one of the Druse, Syrian, or Moslem lunatics proliferating in the Middle East. Then the retaliation machine ratchets up another twenty notches. Recovery or not, Mr. Reagan is in grave trouble because of his Lebanon policy, and everyone in town knows it, especially the Democratic hopefuls.

"The core of the problem is that our Marines are perceived by Arabs not as peace-keepers, but as Israeli surrogates," says a Reagan insider, "and there are a lot of fanatical anti-Israeli groups all over Lebanon." In their eyes, the U.S. is now linked more closely than ever to Israel. Yitzhak Shamir, they say, was given everything he wanted, from $1 billion in direct grants (not loans), to joint military land maneuvers with the U.S., to heavy American weapons stockpiling on Israeli soil. Then Amin Gemayal comes to Washington in Mr. Shamir's wake, and President Reagan gives him a pat on the back and tells him to go home and make peace with Israel.

So everything of late regarding the Middle East—whether strategic ties with Israel, or coolness toward Gemayal, or the Shamir/Reagan love feast—translates, in the eyes of Druse, Moslem, and Syrian fanatics, into another reason for anti-Americanism. In the middle of all this, we put 1,200 U.S. Marines in low-lying, fixed, vulnerable positions, and call them "peace-keepers." "The only reason we are bombing Syria is because our Marine peace-keepers are there," says a former U.S. senator and a conservative. "If there were no peace-keepers, there would be no bombing." In peace-war terms, the fragility of the situation is made worse by the fact that Hafez al-Assad is ailing (maybe dying) in Damascus, and Yuri Andropov is probably dying in Moscow.

What gives the scene a particularly sour look is the politics of it. Political exigency is a fact of life, and readily accepted in this cynical city. Unfortunately, the price of this particular brand of politics is young American blood. More than a few Reaganites here feel that this could be Mr. Reagan's undoing.

■ The fortunes of Dr. Martin Feldstein, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisors, have taken a turn for the better, thanks to the White House's clumsy overkill. A week ago, the betting was that the owl-faced Harvard professor would be back on his campus before the New Year, for having so publicly and tenaciously sung outside the chorus, blaming the budget deficits on the Reagan tax cuts and defense buildup, and urging a tax increase as the only way out. All of this is anathema, of course, to Mr. Reagan, Mr. Regan, & Co.

Under the secret direction of James Baker, Larry Speakes, the President's press spokesman, got into the act, and mispronounced—innocently enough, perhaps—Feld*stine* (correct) as Feld*steen* (wrong), alternating the two. Speakes then told reporters that the Reagan economic program is "well-known" to everybody "with the possible exception of the chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors," adding that Dr. Feldstein had been excluded from a White House budget luncheon. When informed that he was indeed in attendance, Speakes's glib one-liner was, "Maybe he won't make it to dessert." Whereupon Richard Darman then sent out a cute note to Speakes saying that Feldstein was having his "last supper"—all of which was dutifully inked by the press.

This overkill was a call to arms to the high-forehead community. Herb Stein and Alan Greenspan defended their colleague on the MacNeil-Lehrer program, giving short shrift to the Treasury's view that deficits are due more to the recession and to Federal Reserve policy than to tax cuts and defense spending.

If Feldstein rolls over and plays dead (unlikely), he could last through August, when he intends to resign anyway and return to Cambridge. If he continues to raise budget specters, he may last till March, which is about three months more borrowed time than he would have had, had it not been for the White House's grubby incivility toward him.

■ A new man is in command of the key legislative liaison post for Mr. Reagan, now that Ken Duberstein has joined the powerful and successful Timmons & Co., a Washington lobbying group. Succeeding him is the low-key M. B. Oglesby, 41, who has been one of Duberstein's two assistants, managing the House side of the legislative equation. "B," as he is called, apprenticed with former Illinois Governor Ogilvie and Congressman Ed Madigan (R., Ill.), ranking GOP member of the Agriculture Committee. Replacing B is Dennis Thomas, 40, who moves over from Assistant Secretary of the Treasury for Legislative Affairs, where he won respect (on the Hill, as well as in the White House) for being savvy, trustworthy, and urbane. Both appointments augur well for Mr. Reagan's New Year on Capitol Hill, where he will need all the help he can get.

—CATO

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to avoid deadly effects. American military research, then, is permissible under the strict meaning of the Pope's words. The Pope is entitled to speak strictly. He also speaks, however, to a world of headline writers. Was it helpful, given that reality, to deliver a five-thousand-word speech whose political meaning pivots on one noun and one adverb? The Pope asked scientists not to put their discoveries "to the service of war, tyranny, and terror." In the modern world, tyranny and terror can only be averted by the threat of war. Couldn't the Pope, once, forthrightly say so?

■ Peking bartenders, anticipating increased capitalist tourist trade, have contrived a new cocktail made of wine fermented with osmanthus flowers, local brandy, soda water, and a slice of cucumber. Yum.

■ Having disposed of nuclear strategy, the Catholic bishops are now going to try their hand at "capitalism." Since Marxian posturing on the subject has always been a farce, some new angle is needed, and perhaps we can be of service. Capitalism creates abundance and socialism creates poverty; and since "blessed are the poor," it follows that capitalism is evil and socialism is blessed. Will that do? Of course, the Marxists won't like it, because socialism claims to be much more efficient than capitalism. Christians may not like it either, because they are commanded to give to the poor,

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and without some evil capitalist abundance around, they'll have nothing to give. But at least we've proven that capitalism is evil, and that's the point—right?

■ The good city fathers of Garden City, Kansas, have declared "sauntering" illegal, notwithstanding a spirited defense, which pointed out that Harry Truman used to saunter and John Wayne used to saunter. A city ordinance now reads: "Loitering shall mean remaining in essentially one location and shall include the concept of spending time idly; to be dilatory; to linger; to stay; to saunter; to stand around; and shall also include the colloquial expression, 'hanging around.' " Fortunately, "regress" was removed from the prohibition against "free and uninterrupted ingress, egress, and regress therein, thereon, and thereto," whatever that means, and the sooner ABC nukes Kansas, the better we'll like it.

■ In Alaska, some people travel sixty miles by dog sled to attend the meetings of "Chemical People" task forces, which have blossomed across the nation since the airing of Nancy Reagan's two-part public-television program on drug abuse among the nation's youngsters. The first program in early November stated the problem, which is not only the increasing prevalence of alcohol and drugs among schoolchildren at younger and younger ages, but the refusal of parents to recognize that their Johnny is involved. The second program concentrated on what you can do about it, which is to set up task forces to accept the challenge, understand it, and counter it at the local level. The number of people now signed up is extraordinary. The payoff is obvious: every teenager who is not killed in a drunk-driving accident; every young man or woman who is saved from drug dependency or addiction. Besides the First Lady, credit for the Chemical People crusade should go to the Metropolitan Life and Richard Mellon Foundations, which funded the programs; PBS, which aired and publicized them; and station WQED Pittsburgh, which produced them.

■ The *Y-le Literary Magazine* has lost the first round of its fight with Y-le University, as the presiding judge took Y-le's arguments and ran with them, denying the *Lit* its choice of counsel on a technicality at the trial's beginning, and forbidding it to use the Y-le name at its end. The *Lit* has retained John Williams, an attorney who teaches at Y-le Law School, for its appeal.

■ An obscure provision of the Smoot-Hawley Tariff Act of 1930 forbids the importation of any goods made by "convict" or "forced" labor. You never heard of it? Neither had William von Raab, Commissioner of Customs, until he happened upon it in Susan Sontag's favorite magazine, *Reader's Digest*; whereupon he drew up regulations designed to enforce it, even at the expense of the chief employer of forced labor, the Soviet Union. But don't start hoarding your caviar. Von Raab's regulations were taken under advisement by an interagency study group, composed of wimps from State, Commerce, Treasury, the CIA, and the Office of the Trade Representative. They asked the CIA for "further study," which is bureaucratese for signifying that they don't intend to inconvenience the Soviet Union and its American trading partners, no sir, not even under this Administration. The Senate passed a resolution requesting that the law be enforced, but don't count on it.

■ Fearful of a mid-December Supreme Court ruling in favor of a three-year-old ACLU suit, Pawtucket, Rhode Island, has substituted Santa and the reindeer this year for the usual crèche lest it be forced to change its decorations in mid-holiday season. The ACLU wants to keep Pawtucket's children uncontaminated by any thoughts of the Christ Child on Santa Claus Day.

Missile Defense

President Reagan and his senior advisors, after reviewing the recommendations of an advisory panel of experts, have agreed in principle to go ahead with a long-term program aimed at defending the nation against an ICBM attack. Neither the specifics of the program nor the budgeting has been decided upon, but the goal of developing an alternative to Mutual Assured Destruction now becomes a high Administration priority.

The President's decision is to provide his successors with something he himself does not now possess, a realistic way of reducing our dependence upon nuclear retaliation without reducing our security. The President's scientific advisors believe that this is technologically feasible.

The President is deeply concerned that the nation might someday find itself facing a situation in which the Soviets had produced a missile defense while we had not, in which case we would be open to brutal nuclear blackmail, our deterrent having been, at least to a substantial degree, neutralized.

While the U.S. media have been ridiculing missile defense as "Star Wars" and "fantasy," the Soviets for the past eight to ten years have devoted the efforts of thousands of their best scientists and engineers to realizing just such a fantasy. They have created scientific complexes, virtual cities, dedicated to the development of such advanced weapons.

The President believes that it is only prudent to move in this direction. Though a substantially deployed missile defense is probably not achievable for a decade or more, it is feasible to deploy enough within a few years to eliminate the nuclear threat from a Qaddafi or a Castro.

One might think this plan bipartisan and non-ideological, but that would be naïve. Those who have been assaulting us with fears about ICBM warfare will also—

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contradictorily—oppose *defense* against incoming ICBMs. If you see that as moral and intellectual bankruptcy, well, you're right. *NR* will return to this enormously important subject in the near future.

Keeping Peace in Lebanon

There is surely no more dangerous profession in the world than that of peace-keeping, particularly if the peace being kept is a Lebanese ceasefire. During their first year in Beirut, U.S. Marines suffered only a handful of casualties; but since the ceasefire that came into effect several weeks ago, more than 250 have been killed. With ceasefires like this, we might as well be at war.

The U.S. engaged in some serious war-making last week when Navy attack bombers launched strikes against Syrian anti-aircraft emplacements following a Syrian attempt to shoot down U.S. reconnaissance planes. The U.S. lost two planes and a pilot in the early-morning raids, as well as eight Marines killed when Druse militiamen retaliated with an artillery and rocket barrage on the Marines' encampment in Beirut. As for Syria, it emerged from the ruckus with the ultimate prize: a captured U.S. flier to flaunt before the world.

Clearly, the U.S. had moral and legal justification for conducting the air strikes, given that the government of Amin Gemayel has granted the U.S. permission to conduct reconnaissance flights over Lebanese air space and that the Syrian guns which attacked the reconnaissance planes are deployed on territory lawfully belonging to that government. Syria is supposed to learn that there is a price to be paid for illegal temper tantrums.

Justification aside, the timing of the U.S. air strikes was extraordinarily bad. The appropriate moment for an air strike against Syrian forces in Lebanon would have been shortly following the bombing of the Marine headquarters in Beirut—in which Syria was an accomplice in the death of 240 American servicemen. The U.S. chose not to act in that instance—so why the sudden retaliation for Syria's firing (unsuccessfully) at reconnaissance planes? Nor did it make much sense to conduct a raid so soon after the visits of Yitzhak Shamir and Amin Gemayel to Washington, a coincidence certain to lead Arab leaders to draw all the wrong conclusions about our motivations for the strike.

U.S. forces in Lebanon clearly must defend themselves against attack. But their presence in Lebanon must somehow also be related to the defense of America. It is not necessarily isolationist to argue that U.S. servicemen should not be called on to pay the ultimate price for marginal geo-strategic missions, or for seeking to resolve the arcane factionalism of a splintered Lebanon. It is imperative that the Administration more clearly define what vital U.S. interests are at stake in Lebanon, and how a few Marines can protect those interests. Otherwise, they will seem increasingly to be a contingent in search of a mission. And if the only mission that can be found is to defend themselves, why, they can carry that out splendidly back at Camp Lejeune.

Well Fought

Any post-mortem on the International Monetary Fund bailout—perhaps it should be called a post-partum, since the thing passed—will give us several reasons to admire the conservatives who fought the bill. Starting with next to no organized support, and defying the wishes of the Reagan Administration as well as the establishment, they came much closer to success than anyone predicted; they even got a frisson of political excitement from playing coalition politics with liberal environmentalists and church groups. Much more important, they made sure that the international lenders will think long and hard before swaggering back to the bar for another round.

There were plenty of sound arguments against the bill: For example, it is wrong to rob Peter to pay Paul; and the world banking system was not going to collapse if Congress said no. Not so sound were all the efforts to cast the issue as one of simply "bailing out the banks." The banks were being bailed out, of course; but so were foreign borrowers, along with a variety of other creditors. Only some of the IMF money will go to the heavily indebted countries, and no law will force them to use all or even most of the money for net debt repayment. Yet some opponents denounced the bill as a simple case of welfare for the rich, with echoes of Proudhon: What is robbing a bank compared to bailing out a bank? Populist sentiment is a wild horse, and in this case conservatives fell off.

Congress responded to the bash-the-banks rhetoric in the worst way. First, it clamped new controls on banks' foreign lending. Then it tied the IMF bailout to a huge public-housing program, apparently on the ground that a spurious boon to the rich ought to be ballasted by an equally spurious boon to the poor. There is a certain mad logic in this approach, reminiscent of when Sherlock Holmes, feigning insanity, told Watson to put half the money in his left pocket and half in his right: "It will balance you so much better like that."

Holiday Greetings

Jesse Helms, whose campaign hopes
Seemed to teeter on the ropes,
Canceled his sarcophagus,
Like the risen Lazarus.
Asked what brought the roses to
Cheeks that had been turning blue,
Jesse said he owed the swing
All to Martin Luther King.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Reverse Discrimination—And Politics

In a major move against reverse discrimination, the Reagan Administration has posed a direct constitutional challenge to a quota plan instituted by the Detroit Police Department to increase the percentage of its minority-group police officers. Arguing the Administration position before the Supreme Court, Solicitor General Rex E. Lee told the Justices that "We have profound doubts whether the Constitution permits governments to adopt remedies involving racial quotas to benefit persons who are not themselves the victims of discrimination." The government's brief went on: "There is a pressing public need for whatever clarification can be achieved."

Indeed there is, and the Administration is correct both philosophically and politically in pressing for such clarification.

The proponents of "affirmative action," at their philosophical best, argue that its beneficiaries, even if not direct victims of discrimination, are nevertheless indirect ones. That is, they are poorer and of lower status than they would be had it not been for past discrimination. They further argue that it is the constitutional responsibility of the Federal Government to provide what amounts to legal compensation for past damages.

"The high-tech life isn't for me. I like to work with people."

The Reagan Administration is arguing, in effect, that this is poison.

Individuals belonging to the "majority," however defined, also have constitutional and legal rights not to be discriminated against. We have, for that matter, evolved no calculus regarding the way past discrimination has affected various ethnic groups. Were the Irish or the Italians or the Jews less the object of discrimination than the Hispanics, for example? And, if less, how much less? And what smaller increments of "affirmative action" are their constitutional due? If affirmative action—more honestly: "reverse discrimination"—is constitutionally enshrined, it would continue to create entitlement groups based upon ethnicity. Balkanization. Therefore, the Detroit adjudication is historically major.

It is also a major political move in the 1984 election campaign, now well under way. The President has been working efficiently to reconstitute his 1980 winning coalition. On the economic front, inflation is down from 14 per cent to 4 per cent. The prime rate is down from 20.5 per cent to 10.5 per cent. Unemployment is down from 11 per cent to 8.2 per cent. The economy is booming, and we do not hear very much about "Reaganomics" any more.

But a large number of the voters who were part of Reagan's coalition in 1980 were not primarily interested in purely economic issues. In moving now against reverse discrimination, Reagan is appealing to this "social issue" constituency, and we can expect more to come.

Tax Plebiscites: Mob Rule?

In the state of Michigan, a serious tax revolt has been ignited by Governor James Blanchard's move to raise the state income tax by 38 per cent. Already, two state senators who voted for the increase have been removed in special elections set in motion by recall petitions. First, Senator Philip O. Mastin went down to a crushing recall defeat; then, Senator David Serotkin lost by a 2 to 1 margin. Both represented swing districts that may now go Republican, giving the Republicans control of the State Senate. Understandably, Governor Blanchard, a Democrat, is chagrined, calling it a "great public tragedy."

It isn't. It's a counsel of fiscal restraint.

Much establishment commentary has regarded these events in Michigan with derision, arguing that, clearly, the people (one feels that they mean *the mob*!) desire things they are unwilling to pay for with tax dollars.

It is more complicated than that.

The voters, of course, would *like* all sorts of public goodies, and who would not "like" them? The vista is unlimited, as it is every time you walk into a depart-

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ment store or an art gallery. But the voters have no mechanism for controlling the *cost* of the public benefactions handed down by their legislature. It is the public official who is supposed to weigh one thing against another and impose some limits.

When elected officials fail to do so, and, in effect, send the voters a 38 per cent tax increase to pay for campaign promises, then the only recourse is recall and referendum. The "mob"—you, indeed, and I—says stop.

Producers Need Civil Liberties Too

Conservatives have always known that civil liberties and economic liberty go hand in hand, and that it is a mockery to vow allegiance to the Bill of Rights while denying its protections to taxpayers and business people. That's why it is peculiarly unfortunate that the Reagan Administration has been compiling a far from commendable record on civil liberties in the economic sphere. Some cases in point:

► The Internal Revenue Service has publicly advertised, seeking information from anyone with lists of names, addresses, and annual incomes of U.S. citizens. The tax collectors are readying plans to buy lists of car owners, club members, and charge-account holders and cross-check them by computer against reported income data. (Interestingly, the agency couldn't legally subpoena such lists because they are too vaguely related to individual tax cases.) Even Jerome Kurtz, the IRS commissioner under Carter, says that "it bothers me that somebody would be sitting there with an information dossier about my life."

► The privacy of foreign banks has long been a bulwark of international economic freedom. Like all other freedoms, it is used by some unscrupulous people; but, overall, it has greatly strengthened the hand of the world's producers against the expropriative tendencies of their governments. The Reagan IRS has waged unremitting war on foreign bank secrecy; after signing tax treaties with Switzerland and other countries to weaken confidentiality, it stuck a clause in the Caribbean Basin Initiative that will demolish financial privacy for Americans south of the border.

► A bill is moving through Congress that would attach penalties of up to twenty years in jail and $50,000 in fines for . . . axe murder? Tylenol poisoning? Nope: for trying to take $10,000 or more into or out of the country without reporting the transaction to the government. The feds would be allowed to use wiretapping and warrantless searches to sniff out violations. The Reagan Administration is backing all but the wiretapping provisions, according to Shirley Scheibla of *Barron's*.

► The Securities and Exchange Commission is still trying to regulate the publishers of financial newsletters, even though a federal judge just struck down on First Amendment grounds its attempt to prevent a securities-law violator from publishing his own newsletter. The agency thinks it has the right to control these periodicals' editorial content, advertising, finances, and personnel because they act as "financial advisors," just like the corner brokerage house.

► In April the Federal Home Loan Bank Board declared that the Biscayne Federal Savings and Loan Association in Miami was insolvent and seized its assets. The FHLBB had ignored many ways Biscayne might have been saved short of that drastic move; it had not seized other savings banks in similar condition. U.S. District Court Judge Eugene Spellman reversed the agency's action and said its conduct "can only be described in its totality as outrageous . . ."

► As *NR* warned at the time, the 1982 Dole tax bill enacted into law a long IRS wish list, built up over several decades, of measures to reduce taxpayers' civil liberties and due-process rights. Now the IRS is issuing the regs that interpret the Dole law, and, needless to say, it is resolving grey areas against the taxpayer. It is forcing taxpayers to "flag" for its attention all tax positions for which they lack "substantial authority," and it defines "substantial authority" as consisting of its own rulings, even when those rulings have been overturned by federal courts. The whole provision is one that forces taxpayers, in effect, to testify against themselves.

For an Administration to do two or three of these things might be a coincidence; doing four or five would make a trend. But practically every time an issue of this sort comes up, the Reagan Administration seems to go along with the ambition of its enforcement lawyers and the rapacity of its "revenue enhancers." What are we to think?

The Nikolai Ryzhkov Trail

Not every Soviet soldier is ten feet tall. One of them is around five feet seven inches, has curly blond hair and blue eyes, and looks like the 19-year-old kid next door. His name is Nikolai Ryzhkov, and a few days after he arrived in Afghanistan as a private in the Soviet army, he decided that Yuri Andropov would have to fight the war without him. Several months later, he got his chance to go over the wall. On June 16 he made contact with members of the Afghan resistance in Kabul, and he's now a refugee in the United States, courtesy of the U.S. Government and such private organizations as Resistance International, the International Rescue Committee, and Freedom House.

Speaking at a press conference in New York hosted by Freedom House, Ryzhkov gave one reason for his desertion: He objected to the Soviet treatment of innocent Afghan civilians. A very low man on a very high totem pole, Ryzhkov brought with him little information about the Soviet war effort, other than that he

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heard Soviet paratroopers complaining of having to destroy villages all the time. He knows nothing about the use of chemical weapons. But however little he knows, Ryzhkov is very important. He is one of the few deserters from the Soviet army in Afghanistan to have reached the United States, and there are undoubtedly many more who would like to follow in his footsteps.

According to Ludmilla Thorne of Freedom House, who interpreted for Ryzhkov and who first met him inside Afghanistan, the Afghan resistance forces have custody of at least 85 Soviet soldiers, either POWs or deserters. What the resistance forces need desperately is a means of getting their Soviet charges out of the country. Having to care for their safety drastically reduces the mobility of the resistance forces and increases their vulnerability. But the Afghans have another motive for getting the Soviet soldiers to the West. Once would-be deserters learn that the road to the West lies through Afghanistan, the Soviet war effort would be dealt a serious blow. Some people estimate the present number of deserters to be as high as several hundred. With a secure route to the West, the number could climb into the thousands. Such a route could be as valuable to the freedom fighters as the Ho Chi Minh trail was to the Communists.

Bravo Ingersoll, Rockford

The all but inconceivable will have happened by the time our readers see these words. A business corporation (Ingersoll), benefactor of a foundation (Ingersoll), guided by an academic institute (Rockford), will have conferred substantial awards ($15,000) on two scholars (Borges, Burnham) for work compatible with the ideals of poets and scholars (T. S. Eliot, Richard Weaver) whose work deserves to be both celebrated and commemorated, and is loosely described as "conservative."

We cannot disguise that our pleasure over the event is augmented by the selection of James Burnham as one of the first two award-winners, Burnham having for all intents and purposes co-founded this journal and guided it in its strategic thought for 25 years until he fell sick. The event (Ritz-Carlton, Chicago, December 8) will be covered by *NR* associate John Coyne, and details will be published in the next issue.

Here It Comes

There was some talk of canceling 1984 due to lack of interest, until the Chairman of the President's Council of One and a Half Astrologers pointed out that it would also be the year 2737 *urbis conditae*, which is a very strong and lucky number, being the product of three prime numbers that have always attracted a good deal of attention in the best of circles, namely 7, 17, and 23. Members of Congress who adhere to Zoroastrianism as a political philosophy and sexual licentiousness as an art form—i.e., a clear majority—will proclaim 1984 the Year of the Bottomless Pit.

This will also be the 67th consecutive year of unusual weather in Russia following the overthrow of czarist rain and sunshine in 1917.

Half of the President's other astrologer will point out that 67, too, is a prime number, and rather a large one, portending excellent subsidies to the American bloodsucker industries and the farms they run.

The President's Off Mouth will declare to the Distortion Corps that it is not the Administration's position that 2,737 is the product of three prime numbers, no matter which numbers are used, unless they are seasonally adjusted.

The President's Treasurer and Cutpurse will explain that the farm subsidy is real but the taxes only nominal until November, and will call on the Astrologer to join the team, or resign.

The Prince Regent of the National Security Blanket will leak to the blonde philosopher on Channel 69's famous Evening News that 67 is definitely *not* a prime number, even on prime time, oddly. A team of Investigative Distortionists will interview a team of mathematicians from Ivy League colleges (a B, a W, two Js, and a C) and will put together a sixty-minute shockumentary proving that 67 is not now and never has been prime. A groundswill in Congress will gather force, aiming toward declaring a national High Holy Day in honor of 67.

Here and there, in primitive areas and civilizational backwaters too trivial to bomb, fetuses will be put on trial, found guilty, and sentenced to life.

The other half of the Astrologer will announce that he wholeheartedly endorses the President's numerals and will resign only if the President himself begs him to on bended knee, "so to speak," he adds.

Knives, pistols, time bombs, machine guns, artillery, attack aircraft, rockets, missiles, poison gas, and germ warfare will be encountered by Security Blanket personnel in various tourist centers around the world. A retarded child will write a letter to the President, asking if this means war. The Off Mouth will read that letter at a televised Distortion Session, commenting that this

The Tight-Money Ogre

In the forest's depths there dwells
One who works his will with spells.
Ghastly potions are his forte;
Some can make a boom abort,
While defaulting farmers fly
From his fearful evil eye.
If you're touring, please don't shout—
Old man Volcker might come out.

W. H. von Dreele

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is the kind of negativism and spinelessness that is eating away at the foundations of American life. "A generation ago," the Mouth will explain, "a book was written by an Irishman, no, an Englishman, titled *1980 Animal Form*, more or less, in which he proved that what seems like war is actually peace. War *is* peace. You can check this with the Bureau of the Mint."

Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey will set up their circus in the halls of Congress and no one will notice.

God's in His Heaven, having beaten a retreat. For the rest it's business as usual: *Vesti la giubba.*

—Wm. F. Rickenbacker

David S. Collier, R I P

Conservatives, as well as others with a concern for the underlying principles of an ordered society, have reason to remember David Collier with gratitude as one of the founders, and for many years editor, of the quarterly *Modern Age*. His death, at the age of sixty, on November 19 in Florida, where he had lived since 1966, ended a useful and creative life.

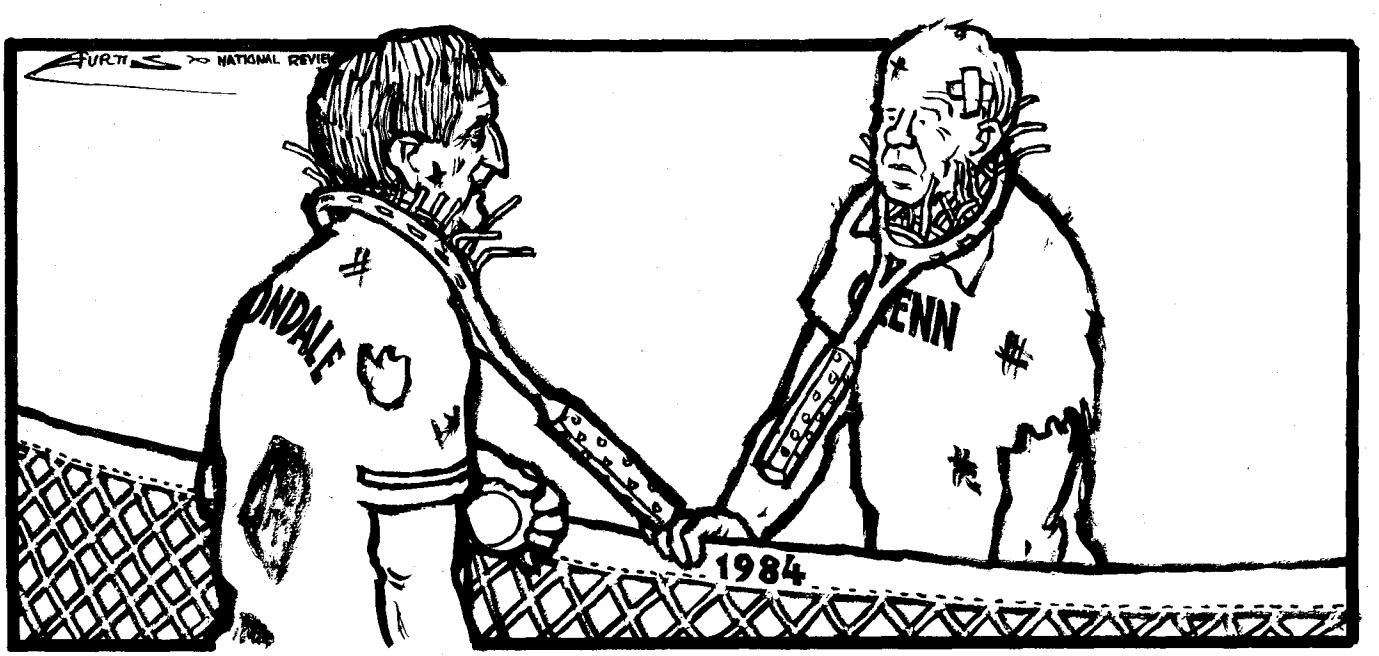
David Collier was an intensely private person, modest in his expectations of life, a devoted and loyal friend, and a man of great integrity and determination. With Russell Kirk as editor, he was the co-founder and first publisher of *Modern Age*; in 1969 he became editor—he had been co-editor for some years before that—and so remained until his death. Through all the vicissitudes and conflicting passions of our troubled time, to which the conservative movement was by no means immune, he maintained high editorial standards, won the respect of contributors and readers alike, and never wavered from the purpose of *Modern Age* as Russell Kirk defined it in the first issue, Summer 1957: "Our purpose is to stimulate discussion of the great moral and social and political and economic and literary questions of the hour, and to search for means by which the legacy of our civilization may be kept safe."

David Collier came from an old Maryland family and grew up in the north Chicago suburb of Wilmette. He doubtless inherited an inclination to conservatism, but his understanding of the need and basis of ordered freedom in society and government derived from study and experience. During World War II he served on the staff of General MacArthur in the Philippines, and, after the war, in Japan. He did his doctoral studies at Northwestern University with William McGovern and Kenneth Colegrove, and was a visiting professor at the American University in Beirut and a Fulbright Resident Professor at the University of Tokyo.

His friends will remember him as a wonderfully kindly, generous man, with eccentricities appropriate to a scholarly bachelor. He loved his nephews and nieces, but crying babies were a horror to him. He was never much concerned about appearances and his material needs were few, but he did like to be warm, which explains his move from Chicago to Florida. I, for one, will never forget the tall, thin, rather professorial Dave Collier on a cool, but by no means cold, spring day, bundled up in an overcoat, complete with muffler and ear muffs, the whole topped off with a straw hat.

David Collier was a man of high principles, and through his work as editor of *Modern Age* and in his activities in international relations through the Foundation for Foreign Affairs he made an important contribution to our understanding of the realities of the world in which we live as well as to the intellectual basis of conservatism. His death leaves a void which it is imperative that those of us concerned with the further development of the conservative movement make a strenuous effort to fill.

—Henry Regnery



"So much for the warmup!"

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Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Is there any cure for people who are hopelessly addicted to NATIONAL REVIEW at the age of 16? Many teachers have been assailed by my outlandish conservative ideas and are now trying to decide what to do with me. It's either quarantine or Alcatraz for me. Anyway, I have been asked, forcibly at times, to tell them who has been indoctrinating me; but to tell you the truth, I'm downright scared. The Supreme Court has already taken prayer out of the schools, who is to say that someday they won't take away my *NR*?

Sincerely,
Sharon Wittemann
Easton, Pa.

Dear Sharon: If they do that here, go to Grenada and look us up. We'll publish *NR* there. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Bill,

Here is a bottle of *vrai normand cidre*. It is not the sweet, vapid, nonalcoholic stuff Americans call cider, but a dry, strong, high-quality drink, made by old processes. You can't buy this kind in any store, not in France and certainly not in the U.S. To find it, you must drive deep into the *normand* countryside.

How to serve it: First, you yourself must open it. Do not have a servant do it for you. That would violate its spirit and deprive you of a true understanding of its raw vitality. You should only open it *cool*, and make sure you do it in a sink. They don't call it "*le champagne des paysans*" for nothing. It will pop like champagne and foam, but not to worry, the foam dies quickly.

When to serve it: The *cidre* should be served on a cool, bright autumn day, in a large old stone farmhouse, with you and the boys decked in tweeds and British wool caps (oh, an old-timer or two will wear a beret), standing by a blazing fire burning in the sculptured stone fireplace, smoking and talking jovially, a hunting dog nudging your leg for attention. Well, after you have served out the *cidre*—it is stronger than you think—you all will be slightly sotted, feeling rather good. About then the womenfolk will bring out the first course, say, fresh farm tomatoes and *asperges* in *vinaigrette*. Presently, they'll bring out hot platters of *côtes d'agneau* from a freshly slaughtered farm lamb, with *pommes frites*, or perhaps *lapin à la moutarde* from rabbits bought live that morning at the market. You will now switch to *vin rouge* from unlabeled bottles. You will eat quite well. After, pungent *normand* cheese will be served, perhaps with juicy green *bretonnes* pears. All this accompanied by thick, fresh slices of *baguette*, of course. Then, naturally, there will be *demis* of black coffee and shot glasses of *calvados* ("*calva*"). Alas, as a *digestif*, you will invite everyone to tour the grounds. Perhaps the party will be followed not only by the dog but by two or more friendly white Irish horses who beg for attention like puppies. Alas, later you will all end in the parlor, over smokes and *eau de vie*. It is now four P.M. More *cidre*?

I realize that you may not be able to exactly duplicate these circumstances in the U.S. But do the best you can.

Sincerely,
Edward Meadows
Aunay-les-Bois
Sées, France

Dear Edward: Aargh! *Merci, merci.* Bill

■ Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla

This issue—Vol. XXXV, No. 25—is our last issue of the year, and our readers—particularly the librarians—should be reminded of the fact. Our next issue—Vol. XXXVI, No. 1—will be in the mails the weekend of January 7, 1984.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I thought it would please you to know that NATIONAL REVIEW does much more than just inform and enlighten.

Having noticed a likely-looking prospect for my divorced mother in your personal classified section about a year and a half ago, I sent her a copy of the ad. She wrote a devastating letter to the prospective suitor, who, duly impressed, responded with an invitation to get acquainted. The rest is history. After a long and glorious courtship, my mother, Loretta Velona, and the formerly anonymous Boris Cumpelik of Hillsdale, New Jersey, were married in a Reformed Church service in Park Ridge on October 22.

The new Mrs. Cumpelik now subscribes to *NR* and follows the classifieds as well as the wonderful prose in order to find similar serendipity for her best friend and her daughter. Given my familiarity with the women in question, I strongly recommend that all eligible male readers of NATIONAL REVIEW submit their ads forthwith for consideration.

My thanks and best regards,
Jerry Velona
Belmont, Mass.

Dear Mr. Velona: All male readers of NATIONAL REVIEW are instantly surrounded by intelligent, admiring, and adoring women, without advertising other than that they subscribe. Cordially, **—WFB**

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FROM
Washington Straight

JOHN McLAUGHLIN

Making Reaganism Last

ONE GOOD REASON for voting for Ronald Reagan in 1984 is that a second term would permit him to reshape the Supreme Court. Five of the present Justices would be eighty or older by the end of the 1985 to 1989 term, so the odds are good that whoever is President during those years will be able to fill four or five High Court vacancies. Ask yourself: Do you want a Reagan jurisprudence reaching into the third millennium? Or a Mondale jurisprudence, God help us and save us? That choice (and its attendant jitters) will focus your preference nicely as you cast your '84 ballot.

There is a direct analogy here between Franklin Roosevelt and Ronald Reagan. Seldom has a President had the opportunity that FDR had to populate the High Court with jurists who share his philosophy. Eisenhower had the chance, with his five appointments, but he muffed it by choosing liberal activists like Earl Warren and William Brennan and judicial ciphers like Charles Whittaker, whose tenure on the bench was mercifully short. John Harlan, an Ike appointee, was above average, but he proved incapable of leading the Court as a whole in a direction that was consonant with Eisenhower's values.

Realigning the Court

The Roosevelt/Reagan parallels are striking. When FDR became President, he encountered an aged Court with five members who were seventy or older. During his first four years, FDR had no chance to appoint, but during the second and third terms, he appointed nine Justices, five of them from 1937 to 1941. Similarly, when Mr. Reagan took office he was faced with an aged Court. In his first term, he got one chance to appoint, through the resignation of Potter Stewart, whose seat Mr. Reagan filled with Sandra O'Connor. During his second term (if he runs and is re-elected), the President will surely have the opportunity to replace at least some of the five Justices who are today 75 or older.

When Roosevelt took office, he discovered a Supreme Court hostile to his agenda. During his first term, 330 lawsuits were filed against New Deal programs, and no fewer than 1,600 court injunctions were issued restraining the enforcement of New Deal statutes and regulations. The High Court invalidated Roosevelt's National Industrial Recovery Act, his Railroad Retirement Act, his Bituminous Coal Conservation Act, and his Agricultural Adjustment Act. Likewise, President Reagan has been faced with a federal judiciary that is resistant to his programs such as reducing forced busing, eliminating racial quotas, permitting voluntary prayer and moments of silence in public schools, and checking abortion practices.

Roosevelt solved his problem not by changing his legislation but by changing the Court. Through his appointments, FDR was able to remake the entire constitutional apparatus that would fashion economic regulation and other law for three decades. With its nine new FDR Justices, the Supreme Court smilingly accommodated Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal initiatives. So, too, the President who fills the four or five 1985 to 1989 vacancies will have the opportunity to mold American jurisprudence in a way that will comport with his objectives.

The likely retirees over the next few years are, in the order of their age: *William Brennan*, 77, an Eisenhower appointee, perhaps the most liberal Justice on the bench, spearhead of many of the Warren Court decisions that handcuffed the police, and, more recently, the point man for the Court's injection of itself into the political process by its unenlightened reapportionment decisions; *Warren Burger*, 76, Chief Justice and Nixon appointee, who gets an A for effort, but has been unable to forge any consensus for a thrust away from the wild activism of the Warren Court; *Lewis Powell*, 76, Nixon appointee and judicial agnostic, who epitomizes judicial activism in the way he shoehorns the Eighth Amendment's provisions on cruel and unusual punishment into areas affecting the treatment of aliens and the mentally ill; *Harry Blackmun*, 75, a Nixon appointee who, during the last three Court terms, has transformed himself into an unalloyed liberal, authoring some of the most outrageously expansionist views of the Constitution, specifically, the abortion and busing decisions; *Thurgood Marshall*, 75, an LBJ appointee who, on constitutional issues, is a virtual clone of William Brennan, often exercising his vote more to advance the legislative policy agenda of the NAACP and the Black Caucus than as a jurist administering even-handed justice.

Restraint versus Activism

If Mr. Reagan is returned to office, and if he chooses to make solid appointments to the Court (as opposed to the aforementioned Eisenhower and Nixon duds), we should eventually see a fundamental shift away from judicial activism and toward judicial restraint. Activism is based on the conviction that federal judges are created to substitute their wisdom for that of elected officials in the formation of national public policy. Judicial restraint, on the other hand, holds that, absent tyrannical action by elected officials, the Court should accommodate the wishes of the people as they are expressed by their elected representatives and their representative institutions.

The activist stance rests on the sophistry that Justices are untainted by political allegiance, as if to be unelected is necessarily to be nonpartisan. The majority of Supreme Court Justices have been appointed after political activity of one kind or another. Thus, Warren Burger was a Republican delegate from Minnesota who supported Eisenhower. Byron White was JFK's campaign manager in Colorado and Deputy Attorney General in the Kennedy Administration.

If the Reagan legacy is to live on—as FDR's did through Felix Frankfurter, Hugo Black, William O. Douglas, et al.—then there must be a Reagan jurisprudence to root his conservative revolution firmly in the polity. There's a political issue buried here—a connoisseur's issue—and a minor campaign theme, if it can be jazzed up. Reagan/Bush headquarters, *nota bene*. □

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Here it is - The Buckley Roast!

(The famous but hard-to-find tape recording— back by popular demand!)

Get it FREE!

Yes, now you can get your own copy of the sensational tape that makes conservatives (and selected liberals) howl with laughter. When, some time back, Young Americans for Freedom decided to give Bill Buckley a "celebrity roast," the results were surprising indeed. This tape is a faithful reproduction of the hilarious highlights of that most unusual occasion.

William Rusher, David Keene, and Stan Evans were among the well-known conservatives who showered Buckley with a barrage of outrageous barbs that brought loud guffaws from the large and lively crowd. Mike Wallace (of "60 Minutes" fame) headed a contingent of non-conservatives who chipped in with their best shots, giving you a good idea of the cumulative effect Buckley has had on liberals throughout the years (it all adds up to a kind of wry tribute). And Henry Kissinger in person completed the basting with some acidly "diplomatic" digs. Buckley's reply to all this is masterly—he ends up roasting the roasters—and you have to hear it to believe it.

Tapes of the Buckley Roast have never been easy to come by, but now, for as long as they last, we are making our supply available with a special renewal offer that is also a hedge against any future price rise. You get this high-quality tape (comes in a standard 90 minute cassette) absolutely FREE simply by renewing your subscription to *National Review* for another year *regardless of when it expires.* That way you'll be covered, no matter what happens to the price, and you'll also be the happy owner of a recording that you'll play over and over again yourself (and will certainly want your friends to hear!).

So get your copy of this marvelous tape right now. It's first-come, first served, while our supply lasts. The Buckley Roast carries a price tag of $9.95, and you'd probably pay that much gladly if you could find it in a store (which you *can't*). However, if you fill out and return the handy card opposite this page today you *can* get it free and postpaid. That's right: we'll rush the Buckley Roast tape to you and immediately extend your subscription for another full year (26 issues). The price for the subscription is just $29 (very good value at today's price levels) and the tape is free. Don't miss the fun you'll get out of this collector's item! Return the card today.

P.S.: *If you are not already a subscriber to NR you can still use the handy card opposite to* enter *your own subscription (same terms) and receive the Buckley Roast cassette.*

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The Law as an Ass

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

IF THE LAW is sometimes an ass at home, it is very rarely not an ass abroad. Much has been said about the legality of the U.S. intervention in Grenada—which I support unreservedly—and too little about the deficiencies of international law.

This was certainly not what Mr. Bumble had in mind in *Oliver Twist* when he broadened our common tongue by declaring that on occasion the law "is a ass, the law is a idiot," but how much truer it is in international affairs than in the internal affairs of Victorian England.

Specifically, international law appears to make no provision for what I call "internal aggression," and it is because it does not that the Soviet Union and its surrogates can get away with the kind of thing they have been getting away with, especially in the decades since World War II ended, and World War III began.

Turning to the text of the United Nations Charter, Article 2 (7), I quote:

> Nothing contained in the present Charter shall authorize the United Nations to intervene in matters which are essentially within the domestic jurisdiction of any state, or shall require the Members to submit such matters to settlement under the present Charter; but this principle shall not prejudice the application of enforcement measures under Chapter 7 [which deals with "Action with Respect to Threats to the Peace, Breaches of the Peace, and Acts of Aggression"].

In this context, a coup d'état is an internal matter, a matter "essentially within the domestic jurisdiction" of a state. Or is it? Likewise, a riot, a political strike, an outbreak of terrorism, an insurgency, a rebellion. Or are they?

KGB Go-Ahead

Article 2 (7) of the UN Charter is in fact the perfect cover, under international law, for Soviet covert action in any country upon which it has designs. So bland and disarming is this clause that the kind of internal aggression I have in mind passes with hardly a ripple—whereas armed aggression, by an army, across an international frontier, necessarily arouses howls of outrage.

A prime example, among many, is Afghanistan. The time to be outraged over Soviet behavior in that country was April 1978, when a pro-Soviet coup placed Nur Mohammed Taraki in power, not December 1979 when the Soviet forces crossed the border. Alternatively, if nobody understood what was happening in April 1978, the further coup that removed Hafizullah Amin from the presidency (and from life itself) in December 1979 was the decisive event, not the invasion that logically followed.

The point simply is that the KGB was involved in both events: by putting Taraki in power, and by murdering Amin (who himself had overthrown Taraki). The object of these successive moves was simply to end up with an unconditional, as distinct from an argumentative, puppet in Kabul. The murder of Amin finally did the trick.

The Bishop Parallel

The technique of using foreign agents or surrogates is so well established that the international lawyers ought perhaps to take cognizance of it. The parallel between the murder of Hafizullah Amin and that of Maurice Bishop in Grenada is reasonably close as parallels go. The difference between December 1979 (the murder, not the invasion) and October 1983 is that in the first instance the White House wasn't about to take any action, and in the second it was, and did.

As a matter of fact, the Afghanistan coup of April 1978 was pretty visible, for a supposedly secret operation. It began innocently enough with a five-year training course in the Soviet Union to teach Communist techniques to Afghan army officers. In February 1978, ten majors or lieutenant-colonels in Soviet intelligence arrived in Kabul, where they made immediate contact with six other intelligence officers in the Soviet Embassy. The Embassy's First Secretary, Oblov, a trained killer, shot the Afghan leader dead on April 17, and the rumor was instantly spread that President Daoud had ordered the killing. The murder gave the Afghan air force chief, Abdul Kadir, the prearranged excuse to bomb the presidential palace. The KGB decided on the deployment of tanks district by district.

That is one way of doing things. I offer you another example, less well known and quite beautifully invisible. Not for nothing had Ho Chi Minh been trained in Moscow. In December 1953 and February 1954, the Vietminh forces invaded and occupied the two northern provinces of neighboring Laos: Phong Saly and Sam Neua. Then they withdrew, having set up the elements of a puppet Laotian state, known as Pathet Lao.

Arriving in Vientiane in November of 1956, I had the greatest difficulty in getting any non-Laotian observers to confirm my suspicion that the Vietnamese Communists continued to control the two provinces. The International Supervisory Commission was composed of three nationalities, ensuring permanent deadlock: Indians (the chairmen), Poles (many years before Solidarity), and Canadians. They had been to Phong Saly and Sam Neua, of course, but couldn't find anybody who looked at all Vietnamese, let alone Communist.

At that time, the Laotian premier, Prince Souvanna Phouma, whose persuasion (if one may so call it) was neutralist, was trying to solve his country's problems by inviting two Pathet Lao ministers into his government. He did not think of those problems as of Communist origin, preferring to see them as a family dispute between himself and his half-brother, Prince Souphanouvong—who was the front man for the Pathet Lao. Moreover (the decisive point), the leaders of the Pathet Lao were Central Committee members of the Vietnamese Workers' (i.e., Communist) Party.

To return to international law, the North Atlantic Treaty, upon which the military security of Western Europe rests, makes no more provision for the contingency of internal aggression than does the UN Charter. True, Article 4 provides for consultation between member countries whenever, "in the opinion of any of them, the territorial integrity, *political independence, or security* of any of the parties is threatened." Hooray: The italics are mine! Frankly, I should be amazed to learn that Britain's successive Labour governments went to the trouble of alerting fellow signatories of the North Atlantic Treaty when Labour was being taken over by pro-Soviet elements.

The gap is there all right, and I see no sign of its being plugged. □

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AT LAST, A JOURNAL OF OPINION THAT'S DECIDEDLY NON-LIBERAL

"IT HAS BEEN A PLEASURE TO WATCH LEOPOLD TYRMAND AND THE CHRONICLES OF CULTURE CONFRONT—A LA ORWELL—THE SMELLY LITTLE ORTHODOXIES OF OUR TIME." —TOM WOLFE

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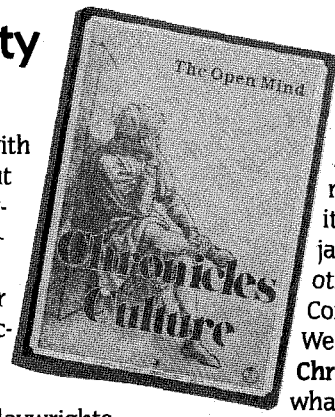

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A Skid Row Christmas

FRANCIS RUSSELL

ROTA FORTUNAE—fortune's wheel. I think of its spinning on this early Christmas morning as I drive from Cape Cod to Boston. I think of my Roxbury Latin classmate of over half a century ago, Roddy Gilman, who died last month. For myself, I never cared much for him. Ruthlessly aggressive, even at Roxbury he seemed to have the mark of success stamped on him. In his six school years he won three Latin prizes, four English prizes, two track letters, and three letters each in baseball and football. He was an editor of the school paper, a star in the annual school play, and his name is engraved on the Yale Roxbury Latin Cup as the best athlete-student of the graduating class. He went on to Harvard and after Harvard to a large Boston bank where, I should have imagined, he would have ended up at least as one of the many vice presidents. What happened I do not know. All I know is that he ended up as a derelict in Boston's South End, one of those bottle boys one sees sprawled in doorways. *Rota fortunae!* The South End is my Christmas destination.

The air this morning is mild as October, the snowless landscape lead brown, the Mid-Cape Highway engagingly empty as I cut across the Sagamore Bridge. There is time for me to take the shore road, a few miles longer, but it gives me glimpses of the sea. Beyond Manomet, at the foot of Cape Cod's highest hill, is the whole panorama of Plymouth Bay, Clark's Island where the Pilgrim advance party in the shallop spent that first bitter night, and to the left the curved outline of the Duxbury shore with the Miles Standish monument rising up like a lighthouse, a granite Miles perched on top. Some years ago a bolt of lightning struck the monument leaving nothing of Miles but his boots, and there they stood for several years. I liked those boots. I wish the rest of him had not been restored.

Plymouth seems asleep. No cars, no boats, no souvenir shops open, Howard Johnson's closed, and the *Mayflower II* tucked away somewhere for the winter. No strangers clustered around the classical colonnade to look down on the 1620 rock where the Pilgrims were supposed to have landed—Plymouth's biggest tourist fake. Only the gulls are alive, soaring and circling out of some inner joy of being, as white-winged and lovely in the air as they are ugly on the ground when one can see too closely their rapacious beaks and mean yellow eyes. It is good to be alone, good to be awake on this early mist-streaked morning while the town sleeps. I am bound for Boston's Pine Street Inn, that shelter for the homeless and the lost. I have never been inside the bleak yellow building in the South End before, but driving past in the late afternoon I have many times seen the wanderers gathering before the entrance like bedraggled birds, waiting to be let in. I shall spend the day there as a volunteer, not out of any self-conscious social-worker impulse, not (*rota fortunae!*) from condescension, but merely because I am alone this Christmas and I feel like it.

Originally the Pine Street Inn was the headquarters of the Boston Fire Department, built in 1894 and modeled—in singularly jaundiced brick—after the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence. The tower (then necessary as a fire lookout) lacks the Florentine clock, and it is more martial than the Italian one, pierced as it is with archers' loopholes, a singular excrescence above the dull brick slums.

I park my car in the dark disheveled street behind the inn, trek through the front entrance with a gaggle of volunteers. About fifty of us, all in all, gathered in the lobby. They look rather nondescript to me, as I no doubt to them. I meet a youngish man from Lowell and his wife. They tell me they have never been there before. The lobby, trimmed with crepe paper and those new tinfoil balloons, is rank with disinfectant. I sign the Holiday Helpers book and am given a badge saying HELLO, I'M FRANCIS. We, the volunteers, are briefed in a long downstairs room spread over with folding chairs and scarred tables, a coffee bar at the far end. I get myself a cup of coffee. It tastes vaguely of grape-ade. A young woman with that forward assurance of social workers gives us our instructions. About five hundred "Guests" are expected. We have three choices: prepare food and condiments; wait on table and clean up between sittings; or "socialize" in the Yellow Lobby, passing out cigarettes and striking up conversations. Most of the Holiday Helpers choose preparing food or waiting on table. I am here for the day. I might as well take the hard one. I volunteer to "visit with the Guests."

I walk up the concrete stairs to the dormitory with two packages of cigarettes and my HELLO badge, picking my way over a litter of broken bottles. At the halfway landing a young Negro is curled up embryo-like, either asleep or passed out, limp, drooling, a wool cap pulled down to his eyebrows. I pause at the threshold of the Yellow Lobby, a mustard-colored room the size of a warehouse, with plastic-covered

Mr. Russell is working on a new Sacco and Vanzetti book, Dedham Aftermath, *which, he says, will at last reveal the ultimate secret of the case.*

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Nuclear "**Freeze**" is not enough.

Negotiations must start from Nuclear **Abandonment.**

No Nuclear Weapons

It is a strange aberration in diplomatic relations, when there are already many times the capacity to destroy each other in the leading industrial nations, with others striving to join the suicide club in the near future, for the United States and the Soviet Union to confine negotiations to military advantage in the next war, instead of the mutual advantage of *no nuclear weapons* as a step to the original United Nations purpose of *no war.*

A unique opportunity exists, on this issue, for the President of the United States, while continuing the ongoing diplomatic negotiations with the Soviet Union, to supplement them with an appeal for worldwide public support.

1. A target date for total elimination by the year 2000.
2. Progressive steps monitored to start with this year.

Wilson's 14 Points Precedent for this exists in the similar attempt by President Woodrow Wilson, prior to U.S. entry into World War I, to provide for a just peace following it. Although the security failed in the organization of the League of Nations, it was deliriously welcomed by the peoples of Europe, and was successful at the Peace Conference in establishing a free Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary, to mention a few.

Party Politics This issue transcends party politics, but it is hard to see the Republican Campaign Committee overlooking the opportunity for this appeal by its candidates, or for the Democratic Campaign Committee limiting its platform to the omission of Nuclear Abandonment, when the distinction between postponement and abandonment, as a stated goal, is realized.

They do it with *whales.* Why not with *people*? Negotiations to end the war against whales, before their extinction, are being conducted with a target date of 1985, and progress is being made. Negotiations to *end* the war against mankind by nuclear weapons have not even started.

Airline Safety A new approach to the control of worldwide tensions, due to armed forces guarding air space above national boundaries, is offered by the future expansion of the airline pilots union to the Pilots Protective Association.

This starts with a contract protecting the freedom of pilots to enter and leave the boundaries of the contracting nations, based on the necessity to protect the freedom of the passengers to do so. For this purpose the contracting nations pay an annual subsidy to provide them with a living if nationally-owned airlines refuse them employment.

The international Union chairman is chosen on the Minority Equality principle of the Better Government League. The possibilities of this development are unsuspectedly great. At the start only free-world nations find recognition of the association compatible with their political organization. But the self-interest of the Union, with the backing of the initial contract signers, make its future muscle irresistible. Consider the problem facing the Soviet Union, as the last hold-out against the Pilots Union, facing an airline boycott by the rest of the world halting all flights in and out.

Hanseatic League Historians will explore the comparison with the power of the Hanseatic League in a previous era of political change, from land-based feudal forces to worldwide sea power, with the present transition to the start of world-wide air power and developing space power.

This advertisement was donated by an individual citizen of the United States and a longtime reader of *National Review* in the hope that it will be followed up by the Better Government League and other organizations. Those who would like to join in the effort are invited to send their names to Box No. 2000 of *National Review* for further information.

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Here is the jetsam of the city. How do I break the barrier between myself and them on this Christmas Day?

cots laid out in precise rows. The air, turbid with tobacco smoke, is sour from fouled bodies, flatulence, and the pervading disinfectant. Some of the guests are sprawled on the cots asleep, a coat or jacket thrown over them. A few are just lying on the floor. Others squat on the edge of their cots or walk aimlessly up and down the narrow aisles. About a third are black.

Standing there I try to take them all in. Here is the jetsam of the city. I have the collective impression of seamed faces, tangled hair, rotting teeth, and, I think, above all a passive hopelessness. The figures pass like phantoms, misshapen in their shapeless sodden clothes, malformed at birth, malformed by life. How do I with my little badge break through to their anomic selves? What does one do? How does one approach them? In the ultimate scheme of things they are as important as I am, perhaps more so because they lack my vanity. How do I break the barrier between myself and them on this Christmas Day?

A bent, bald old man totters by me, his head a mass of scars and scabs. I notice a surly black, a dirty leather hat with red and yellow gussets perched on his head like an inflated balloon. He looks at me and his eyes flash nonrecognition. Beyond him a very black, more amiable man is talking to another volunteer. He must be six and a half feet tall, thin and graceful, a Watusi type. Except for his height I should not know whether he was male or female. The women's annex is beyond the corridor, but several women have wandered in here. A fat woman, sunk into herself, with straw-bleached hair and a face like lard, is imbedded in a folding chair near the exit. A volunteer lights cigarettes for her as she chain-smokes. The bright gash of lipstick across her face looks ulcerous. Almost in front of me a pock-marked younger man, his face dark with stubble, perches on the edge of a cot, a girl beside him sprawling over into his lap. Her face, buried in his shoulder, is further hidden by her greasy matted hair. She has one arm round his neck. His face is like a mask, immobile, stoned. No one pays any attention to them. She is wearing torn mock-tartan trousers held up by a piece of twine. He fondles her in a desultory way that could be either sexual or consoling. Then she tosses her head back, stares at him with glazed eyes, and with grave deliberation he picks her nose. In the women's annex they are singing Christmas carols. Mostly it is the volunteers who do the singing. Joy to the World! Well, not exactly.

I offer a cigarette to a slight, long-nosed man with a bristled face. He tells me he is from Carolina. The South is branded on his tongue. "How old you think I am?" I think in the seventies, guess in the sixties. "Naw," he says, "you gotta come down. I'm 54. Yeah, I'm from Anderson, an' if I had sevenny bucks I'd be there now. I gotta daughter there an' her kids as would be glad to see me. Yeah, I got grandchildren." He inhales deeply. "I even got a wife," he adds as an afterthought. "If oney I had sevenny bucks, that's where I'd be." He turns to the man next to him as if dismissing me. I go out for more cigarettes.

As I come back an angry-looking little man, ferret-faced, with dark luminous eyes, asks me for a butt. His face twitches. He has a copper cent stuck in his left ear, plugging the auditory canal. We talk. He says he is Puerto Rican, though I should have taken him for Italian or Spanish. "I gotta talk to you on this side," he tells me, tapping his right ear. "My other ear's frigged," he says, pointing to the cent insert. "Korea. I was with the 181st Airborne."

"Don't you get a pension?" I ask him.

"Nah," he says in his rasping voice, "I ain't got no pension. The Army gimme a Section Eight. I shot a sergeant in the ass." He smirks as he recalls it, then breaks off and leaves me abruptly.

I join three men sitting on two corner cots. Heavy-built they are, in their way self-sufficient, not the run of Pine Street. They keep to themselves. Affably enough they take my cigarettes. The one next to me has a sly full face. He tells me he is from Bangor and we reminisce about Maine. The others talk to him over me, and after a few more remarks about Maine I lapse into an awkward silence. There is something vaguely sinister about these three. I should rather meet them here than on the side street where my car is parked.

While we talk, or rather I don't talk, a wispy little white-haired man has been wandering up and down as if he were detached from his surroundings. He has pinched Celtic features and eyes of such bleached blue that it looks as if he had cataracts. In better circumstances he might have been a leprechaun. So abstracted does he seem that I am not sure anyone can get through to him, but I decide to try. I leave the three confabulators, who obviously don't want me. I catch up with the little man. To my surprise he is at once responsive. "You from Bahst'n?" he asks me.

"I was born there. I don't live there."

"I come from Southie," he says. " 'Southie is my home town' "—he quotes the line of the bawdy ballad. "Southie ain't what it was any more. When I was a kid you noo everyone. Now they's all kinds. I don't never go back. When I was a kid this was the central fire station. We useta come over once a year to see them jump inno a net from the high tower. Every year the noo firemen hadda jump from that high tower with about eight guys holdin' the net. They hadda." More he tells me about his boyhood, about growing up in South Boston, but nothing of how he happens to be where he is today. They are lining up for the second sitting now and he says good-bye to me and joins them.

I go my way, making conversation as best I can, not doing a very good job of it. Some are friendly, others look at me blankly, refuse to say anything. Why shouldn't they resent me? At any time I can leave, go back to my quiet Cape Cod house, back to my two cats and Jake, my mouse of the shoe-button eyes, named after my wife's divorce lawyer. They have no alternative. Those who remember hate their lives, they hate Christmas at Pine Street, and they probably hate me, the class-branded interloper.

Christmas dinner is being served in three sittings, and with the third the Yellow Lobby begins to empty. I go downstairs to take a turn at waiting on table. Each plate I carry has a slab of stuffing wedged between two slices of turkey, beside it portions of sweet potatoes and canned peas. For dessert there is squash pie. All in all a monotone meal. At each table there are pickles and cranberry sauce and bowls of fruit.

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The dining room seems to bounce with those metallic balloons. We clear away hurriedly for the last sitting. Three men in blue denim cassocks with white cinctures come into the room. Two are young, with a new-hatched look about them. The other, who has a close-cropped beard, must be in his forties. His eyes are sharp. There is no sentimentality in his face, but there is a compelling friendliness. He nods to those going out, chats with some of them. I walk over to ask him what his order is. "We are Franciscans," he tells me. "The Little Brothers of the Poor." He looks at me a little quizzically. "Is this your first visit?"

"Yes," I tell him.

"It may be something of a shock to you. But as one comes here, one gets to know our people. Most of them are very lovable."

I ask him how many are alcoholics.

"About 40 per cent. Another 20 per cent are senile. Most of our people are too handicapped inwardly or outwardly to earn a living, to make their way even in the best of times. But now we've been getting the ones who have been working and have lost their jobs, run out of unemployment insurance. They never imagined they could end up here and often when they do they go to pieces. They can't believe what has happened to them."

The dining room is closing now. The room at the other side of the lobby has been cleared, the tables stacked, the chairs folded. I follow the others. The room is crowded. Directly opposite me a four-piece orchestra is playing country music, a din and a jangle from the doorway where I stand watching. Next to the cello player is a youngish man wearing a black sombrero with a dashing white ostrich feather stuck in the hatband. Panache! Good to see. I hope he keeps his plume. A very dark black woman in front of me taps her foot to the music. Her tweed coat is out at the elbows, but there is an air about her. A length of scarf is tossed over her shoulder, she wears a wool cap that fits like a toque. Her liquid eyes sparkle. Whatever spin of the wheel has brought her here, she has kept her feminine self. She *is* femininity. Panache again!

I try to imagine myself here with nowhere else to go. And I cannot. This is what happens to other people

A humpbacked man in a sorry long overcoat stands at the edge of the dance space. One shoulder is six inches higher than the other and the whites of his eyes are mottled. His feet begin to quiver and tap. He shuffles a few steps, and his feet pick up the tune. Then he throws off his overcoat, and suddenly his bent body comes to life. Jig or jive, I don't know what they call it, but it is as if he had springs in his legs. He flashes and twists and turns, his arms swinging, like a whirling dervish. The others stop dancing, stop talking, begin to clap in time. Can feet move that fast? He throws his head back and laughs, leaps into the air, such enormous energy in that twisted frame, such enormous joy.

The music stops. Pine Street must be emptied by three. It is time, as the longshoremen say, it is time to go. I look at these people, our people. I want to fix them in my mind, each face, each look. I want to remember. And yet I know that by the time I reach my car this moment will already have blurred. I shall be lucky if I remember half a dozen of those several hundred within my vision. I try to imagine myself here with nowhere else to go. And I cannot, no matter how I try. This is what happens to other people. Fateful words. This is what happened to Roddy Gilman. When I told the librarian at Sandwich that I was coming here today, she said softly that her brother, a college graduate and an engineer, had died at the Pine Street Inn.

Before leaving I stop to talk with the director. He tells me the schedule: at half-past four in the afternoon the doors open for the line waiting outside; at six there is the evening meal; lights out at 8:15; up at five; breakfast between seven and nine; everyone outside at nine, except in the very coldest weather. "We can't do anything more than give custodial care," he tells me.

"What do they do all day? Where do they go?" I ask him.

"They wander. They drift. Some of them cadge for drinks. There are places like the Paulists where they can get a noon meal. Then about three they start lining up in the courtyard. We don't have much trouble. They're frisked for weapons and liquor when they come in. We have to do that. We get a certain amount of pistols and knives. Here we do what we can. But the numbers keep growing. I don't know what the answer is."

We shake hands. "Thank you for coming here for Christmas," he says finally.

"No," I tell him. "Don't thank me. Thank you for letting me in." □

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THE PHILADELPHIA SOCIETY

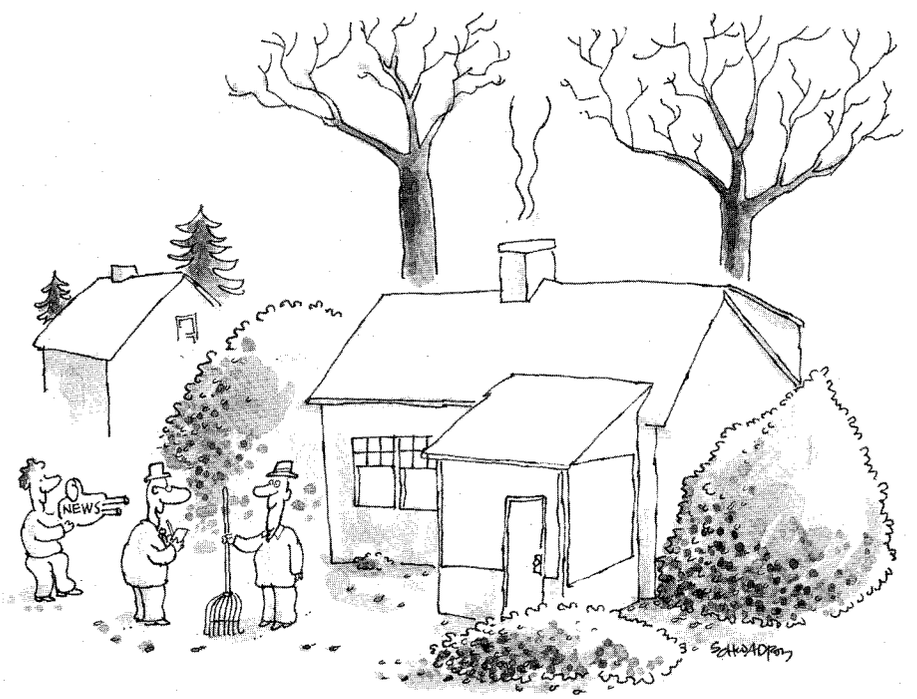
The Media at Bay

WM. F. RICKENBACKER

THE EASTERN Regional Meeting of this pleasantly aging institution was held in Manhattan on November 18 and 19, the grounds being twain: 1) that everyone should speak to the matter of "Free Speech, Free Press, Free Society," and 2) that Commodore Lipsett's word was law. We were 150 strong at dinner Friday but there must have been some partying later, for only Nock's remnant, fifty or so, showed up for Saturday matins; by midday we were up to strength again and gaining as we went. Herewith a battle report.

Midge Decter introduces Irving Kristol, who X-rays the causes of the ideology of the media. Why, i.e., is the stupidity of the media "immune to argument"? The mass-production of demi-educated collegians after WW II destroyed the old news readerships: the "elite" and the "populist muckraking sensationalist." The lowbrow press folded; the highbrow press dropped its standards. TV came, "inherently sensationalist," and the press had to compete. "The media" really means the Seven Sisters —the three networks, the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, *Time*, and *Newsweek*. These set the "norm," even for small-town editors. Big media folk have become a New Class, like tycoons or professors, deserving positions of leadership. They think they should bend the government and, if necessary, the people to their way of thinking. But the media stubbed their toe on Grenada, and their exemption from mass counterattack cannot survive many more mistakes like that. We "must devote more of our energies to educating our masters."

Walter Berns notes that the concept of the First Amendment has been so broadened that in recent years every department of the government has been found in violation of it at one time or another. Free speech, to the Framers, was "an instrument of republican government," and therefore the protection of the Amendment covers that kind of communication that the Framers would have found necessary to political discourse. Speech is *not* "expression." It is rational; it separates man from beast. The First Amendment limits federal, not state powers. Jefferson, Madison, James Wilson upheld the states' power to limit speech. Hamilton and John Marshall found the Alien & Sedition Acts constitutional. Hamilton argued that the law was capable of distinguishing between liberty and license. To abandon the effort to make that distinction is to abandon the cause of free popular government. If John Marshall were alive, he would distinguish between speech and expression, between liberty and license; he would devise rules for such distinctions; he would explain the importance of the issue; and he would urge us to approach our task with a generous heart and in a kindly spirit.



"Mr. Krastef, could you tell us more about your conversion from oil heat to leaves?"

MARSHALL BREGER distinguishes between individual consent and democratic consent, asks if we can distinguish between liberty and license in a policy of promoting civic virtue, and fears letting the state get involved in the process.

Samuel Lipman disagrees, says art falls under First Amendment protections; the "proof of the pudding is in its suppression"—which is the first act of every totalitarian dictator. Our artistic life used to be financed almost entirely by private donors, now we have "official culture." National endowments for arts and humanities have gone from a $1-million budget to $100 million, decisions are settled by staff, in an "air of bureaucratic secrecy," and "access to art" has become "outreach to incompetence." "The outcome of all this has become government by press release." Notes "pathetic" tendency of private donors to wait and see what the federal trend is; thus, the federal dollar "leverages" more and more total spending. This "bodes ill for the future of a pluralistic society."

Stanley Rothman summarizes recent sociological studies: Journalists, gaining power, attacking basic American values, have little capacity for intimacy, are "anti-bourgeois" in world view. Media have distorted coverage of nuclear energy and busing (citing two studies). Schumpeter said capitalism contained its own seeds of suicide; there are other forces, larger than media, eroding the foundations of society.

Otto Scott notes that radical revolutions always destroy language itself (cf. French, Chinese "reforms"). Book publishing now a disaster; librarians stand as "monitors." Not a conspiracy, just "an army of people moving in the same

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direction." Something odd when James Watt "is destroyed by 12 words uttered in jest while pornography thrives."

Dan Burt says it's "axiomatic" that there are limits on free speech in a free society. He's General Westmoreland's counsel in the suit against CBS. He asks how do the media work and how can they be limited? Modern news must have a "star" and be "sensational." That requires the news to "expose, embarrass, hurt." He wouldn't abolish *Sullivan*; a few small changes would restore the balance. As things now stand, the media are beyond reach. "If Westmoreland loses, *no one* can win."

Jeremy Rabkin says, "Of *course* there are limits" on free speech. Ideology of shielding people from the results of their own choices is being carried to dangerous extremes. Thomas Emerson's thesis of extending First Amendment protection to "all forms of expression" denies value to any form. "Fairness" doctrine gives undue prominence to lunatic fringe. Nineteenth century distinguished between coercive restraint and the denial of privilege. Doctrines of "expression" and "fairness" lead finally to notion that "your views cannot be held against you" (nor their consequences). Then a total absence of *private* system of restraint and sanction. Requiring government to step in with total monopoly on discourse, backed by police power. End of free society as Founders conceived it.

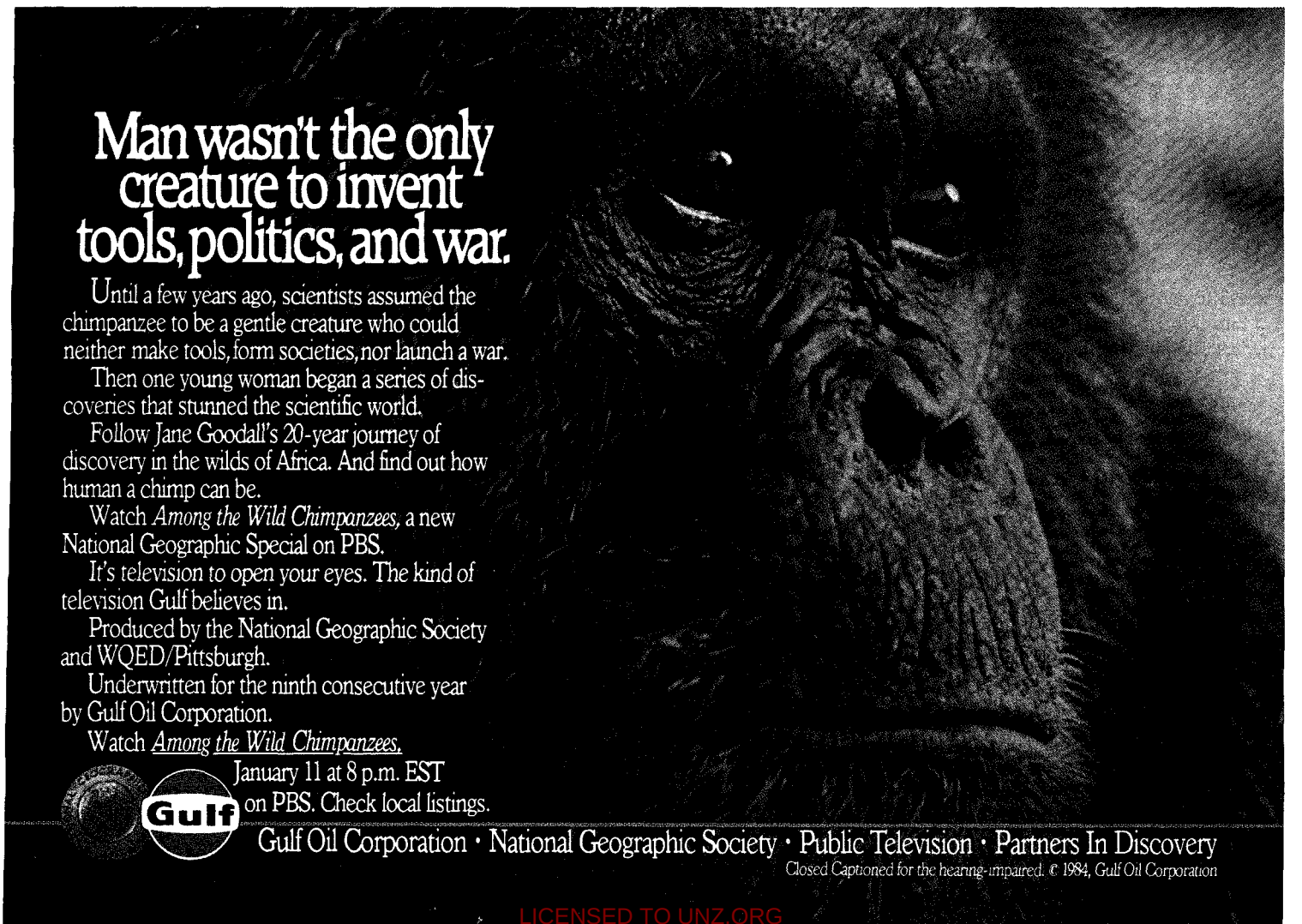
Ernest van den Haag argues that First Amendment does not say "expression" and does not cover "music, dancing, painting," etc. Beasts have expression but not speech. But Supreme Court has *admitted* the principle of limiting speech by permitting certain matter ("prurient, morbid, abnormal, patently offensive to community standards") to be suppressed unless there are other and countervailing factors ("scientific or aesthetic merit"). To oppose *Playboy* at this late date would be to assail an institution and bring the law into disrepute. We must distinguish between prohibition and censorship. No need to extend First Amendment to school libraries or such: It's their right, and duty, to *select.*

Fred Barnes says Washington journalists earn their bread by being Lib-Left, attacking the Ins, wallowing in sensation.

Tom Bethell says media oppose anyone at the top but never oppose the concept of taxes, SocSec, OSHA, EPA, or even Andropov. "They're not adversarial, they're anti-American." Not unpatriotic, but they "see America as the great obstacle to the achievement of the reorganization of the world along socialist lines."

Joe Sobran says, "Whenever a pornographer is acquitted, it's a victory for the First Amendment. When a murderer is acquitted, it's never held as a vindication of the Second Amendment. . . . Actually I'm a follower of the Second Amendment. Whenever I hear someone mention the First Amendment, I reach for my pistol."

Meeting adjourned, with laughter and applause, until the National, in Chicago, April 6. □


Man wasn't the only creature to invent tools, politics, and war.
Until a few years ago, scientists assumed the chimpanzee to be a gentle creature who could neither make tools, form societies, nor launch a war.
Then one young woman began a series of discoveries that stunned the scientific world.
Follow Jane Goodall's 20-year journey of discovery in the wilds of Africa. And find out how human a chimp can be.
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Watch Among the Wild Chimpanzees, January 11 at 8 p.m. EST on PBS. Check local listings.
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It Says Here . . .

ALOISE BUCKLEY HEATH

YOU KNOW that house where, the night before Christmas, not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse? Well, that wasn't our house. That was a house where mama in her kerchief and papa in his cap could settle their brains for a long winter's nap because they knew good and well that St. Nicholas was about to come down the chimney with a bound and do absolutely everything.

It may come as a surprise to many people, but the fact is, St. Nicholas doesn't do one blessed thing for the Heath family. At our house—and I wouldn't want this mentioned in front of just anybody—Santa Claus is really Ben and me; and the period during which not a creature is stirring, not even a mouse, lasts roughly from 4:10 to 5:00 A.M. By six o'clock, actually, you couldn't call what goes on in our house "stirring."

You know the family that gathers round the hearth on Christmas Eve while Father re-reads the beloved *Christmas Carol*? Firelight flickering on absorbed little faces? Baby dropping off to sleep on Mother's shoulder? Well, that's not our family, and I bet you guessed.

I hope I'm not giving anyone the impression that Ben and I are not respecters of tradition, because the fact is that we're simply aslosh with tradition. We always sing Christmas carols after dinner; we always hang our stockings on the mantelpiece; we always set out cookies and milk for Santa Claus; but we just don't have the time to listen to Ben read *A Christmas Carol.* We have a substitute tradition: We give Janet and Timothy a half-teaspoon of liquid phenobarbital, Jennifer, Betsey, and Alison a teaspoon, and Buckley, Priscilla, and John two teaspoons each. (We've had to keep the two eldest off the stuff these past two years; they have to stay alert.)

Then we send 16-year-old Jim, who has a voice like a bull calf, into the living room with the big children and make *him* read Dickens's beloved *Christmas Carol*; while 14-year-old Pam, who has such a sharp eye and a quick hand that she can whack a small bottom while its owner is still wondering which trespass to commit, takes the peewees into the nursery to hear Clement C. Moore's beloved "A Visit from St. Nicholas."

Ben and I refill the coffee pot and proceed forthwith to the furnace room, which is where *we* spend Christmas Eve. Not by choice, you understand—if we had a choice we'd watch *Amahl and the Night Visitors* or take a walk or something—but because the furnace room is the only one in our house which you can a) store 167 different items, ranging from aeroplane, gasoline-powered, to Zig-Zaw Puzzle Map in; and also b) lock.

The Yuletide Furnace

Nine out of ten of these items, you understand, have to be organized or set up or assembled, and a good many of them have to be either reconstructed or redesigned from scratch. All of them must be fully understood if Christmas morning is not to shrill with the sad cry of: "What's all that stuff supposed to *be*?" or "The box says Astro-Dyno Jet, but it's just a bunch of iron sticks!" or "I'll never be able to play that. The directions have too long words." All of which leaves Ben and me with the choice of working in the living room after the last child is asleep—and when you have ten children that means never—or spending Christmas Eve in the furnace room.

The furnace room is rather peaceful, actually. By the time we've opened the boxes and laid out the hammer, saw, screwdrivers, wrenches, pliers, files, glue, rubber cement, safety pins, needles and thread, toothpicks for stiffening tabs that won't go into slots, crochet hooks and rubber bands for putting dolls' arms back on, Mercurochrome, Band-Aids, tranquilizers, Benzedrine, phenobarbital, aspirin, and a dictionary, we hardly even notice the furnace, which has a way of breathing like a dinosaur with croup. Jim's voice, bellowing, "Sit DOWN, Buckley," or "I said QUIET," filters down to us in a soft murmur; and since the nursery is on the third floor and Pam's energy is limited, she only clatters down every now and then to tell us that Alison is blowing into Jay's ear and blaming it on Betsey, or that Alison keeps sticking her feet under Timothy and pinching him with her toes, or that Alison keeps muttering "moon on the *breast* of the new-fallen snow, moon on the *breast* of the new-fallen snow" and making all the others laugh and act silly . . . "Well, she *thinks* it's a bad word, Mother, or she wouldn't bother to say it. You know how absolutely vulgar Alison is."

"Send her down to Jim's group," I roar through the screws in my mouth, which isn't much help—or much help to Jim, anyway—but my maternal instinct always seems to wane as my mechanical instinct waxes.

If you could call it an instinct.

If you could call it mechanical.

I do know some of my limitations, though, so I always start with a simple thing, like "ROLLING TENNIS: A new game for home fun," for instance. ROLLING TENNIS only has about six pieces, which

A Christmas piece by the late Aloïse Buckley Heath is an NR *tradition. The book* Will Mrs. Major Go to Hell?, *in which this and Mrs. Heath's other Christmas pieces appeared, is out of print.*

→

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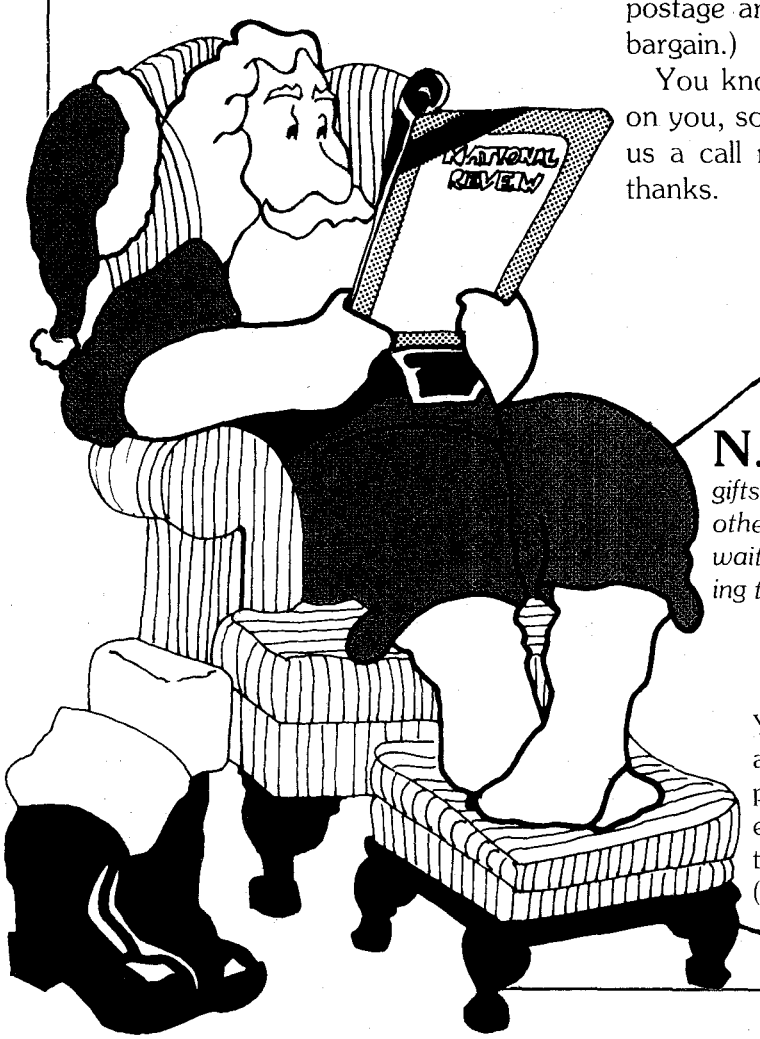
So shop early and easily. Just call 800-341-1522, and order as many full-year subscriptions as you please at our special holiday price of just $20 each. We'll time the first NR issue to arrive just before Christmas along with a handsome gift announcement card in your name. (We'll also pay for the call plus all postage and handling, and bill you later too—quite a bargain.)

You know the holidays have a way of sneaking up on you, so there's no point in putting things off. Give us a call now, while you're thinking about it? Many thanks.



N.B. *This special number is for Christmas gifts only; our operators cannot handle any other business, queries, etc. If the line is busy, wait a few minutes and call again. We're waiting to hear from you.*

So pick up the phone and dial that toll-free number.

You can use it to place your personal order anytime from 8 a.m. to 9 p.m. (Fridays till 5 p.m.) Eastern Standard Time. All gifts just $20 each, for which we'll bill you later. The important thing is to do it now—shop early and often! (And an early Merry Christmas to you too.)

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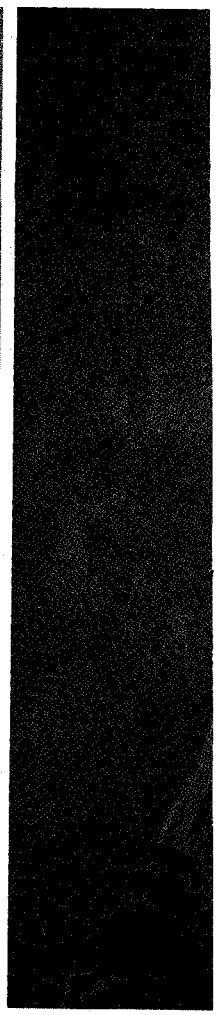
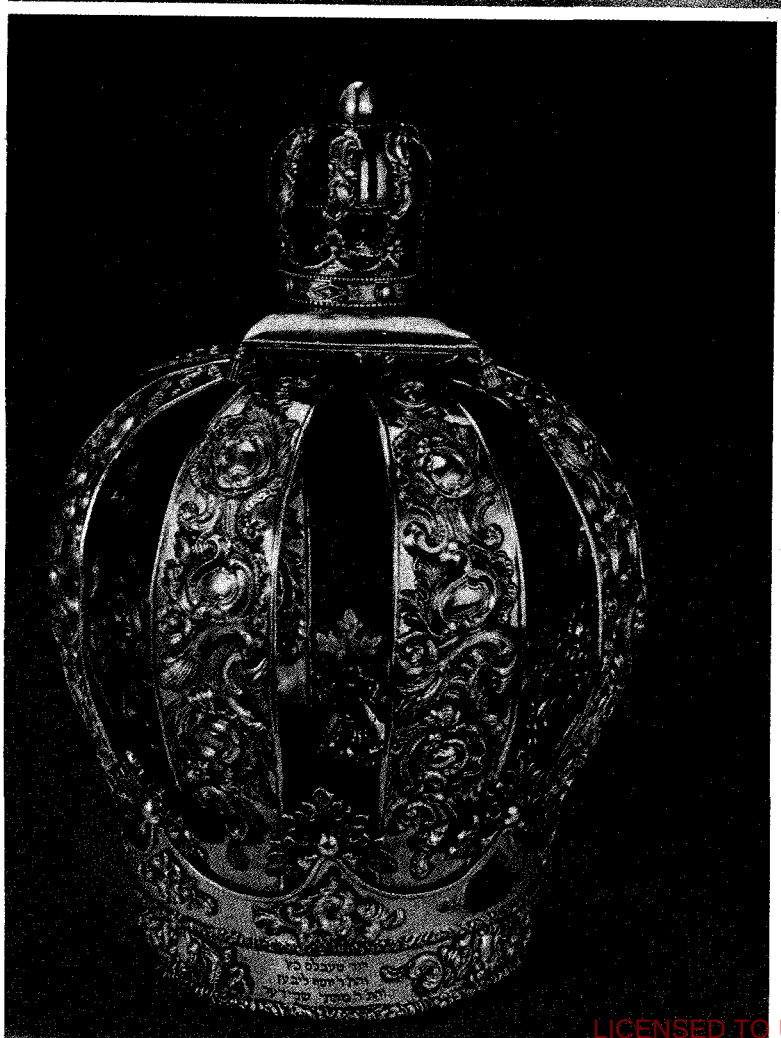
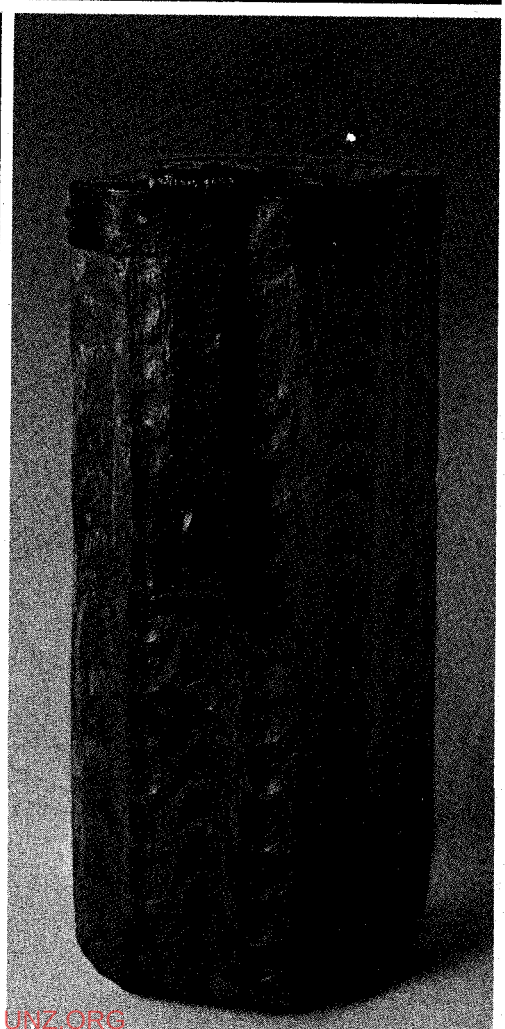
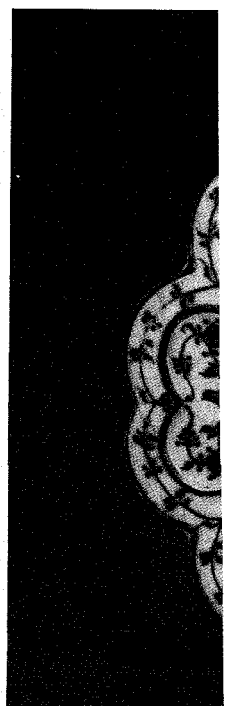
Precious









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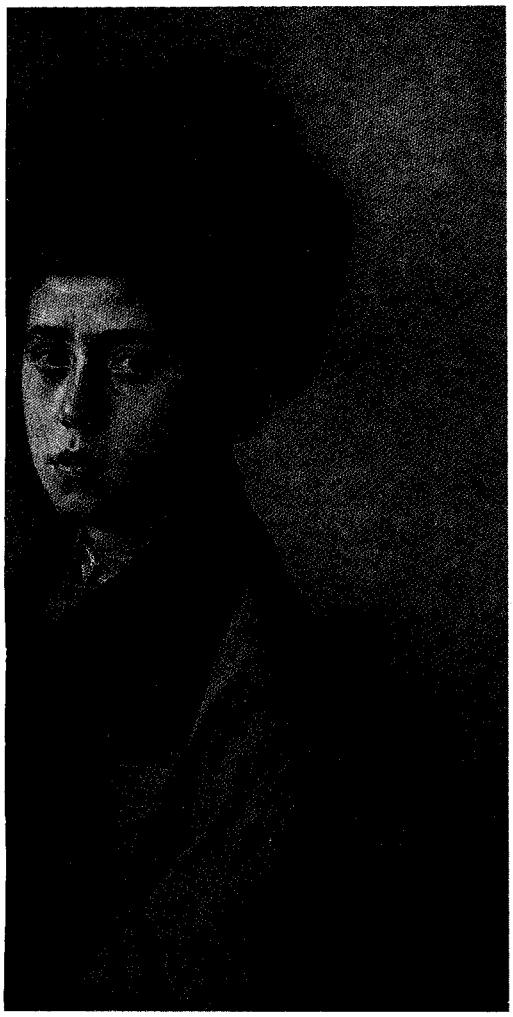
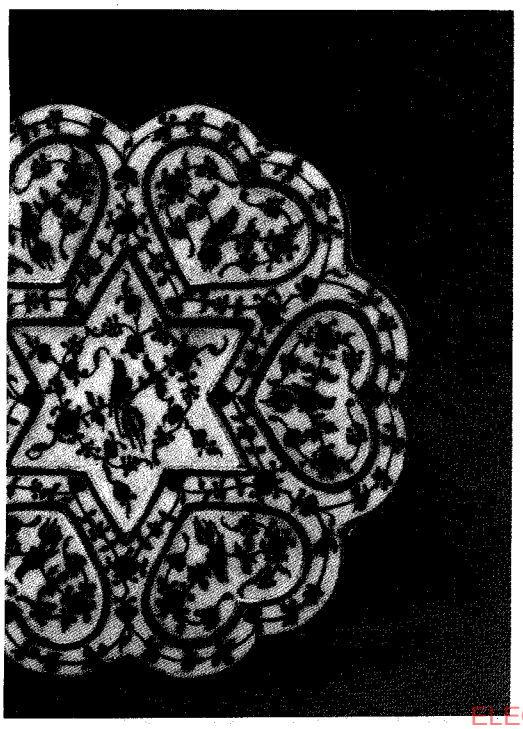
Legacy.





You are looking at objects that have been greatly treasured and greatly loved. Their history is one of the most terrifying and inspiring in the history of man. Their owners were the Jewish families of Eastern Europe and especially of Bohemia and Moravia. As they—and millions of other Europeans of all faiths—were being methodically exterminated by the Nazi regime, their treasures were being just as methodically collected, catalogued and preserved by the same Nazi regime for eventual showing in a "museum of an extinct people." Today, through a chain of human understanding that would have been incomprehensible to the Nazi mentality, they have become our legacy. And now we can see them, for the first time in the United States, in an exhibition titled, "The Precious Legacy: Judaic Treasures from the Czechoslovak State Collections."

Look at any one and you see history and art. Look at all and you see tragedy and transcendence. They are what their owners wanted them to be: links in a chain of beauty and faith. They intended them for future generations, and they have become ours. So long as we treasure these things, the people who loved them can never be "extinct."

That's one reason we sponsored this exhibition, and why we urge you to see it at the places and times listed below. In our business as in yours, we need to be reminded that the measure of the meaning of our lives may one day be the things of beauty we treasured and preserved. Sponsorship of art that reminds us of this is not patronage. It is a business and human necessity.

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(top left) AFTER THE BURIAL, (Artist Unknown), ca. 1780; (bottom left) TORAH CROWN, Repousse, 1840; (top right) PORTRAIT OF A BOY, Isidore Kaufmann, end of 19th century; (bottom right) PORCELAIN PASSOVER PLATE, Joseph Vater, ca. 1900; (bottom center) ALMS BOX, (Artist Unknown), early 19th century.
"The Precious Legacy," is published by Summit Books, and is available in book form. *©Philip Morris Inc. 1983*
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is practically boring to a woman who was on the Dean's List the entire first semester of her sophomore year at college. The instructions are nice and short, too. *The elastic steel needle*, they begin (there's no elastic steel needle in the box, but the nearest thing to it is a kind of hard, spiky thing that bends, so that must be what), *must be kept in a way that it sits up on the edge of the table.* The trouble is, it won't stay in a way that it sits up on the edge of the table unless I hold it there, and surely the ROLLING TENNIS people couldn't mean that, could they? They don't really mean for me to spend the declining years of my life holding up that spiky thing! Do they realize that I have ten children? That I'm 43 years old? Well, of course they do. There's some perfectly simple thing that I've overlooked.

"Ben, it says here . . ." I begin.

"First things first," mumbles Ben, who is engaged in his annual re-establishment of diplomatic relations with the electric train, which he always can't understand something in the transformer of. I don't tell him that if he'd leave the train *up* all year round he and the transformer wouldn't have to go through this every Christmas Eve. I don't tell him because it's too early. This is what I tell him around 2:00 A.M., and I'm a stickler for tradition.

Anyway, it's time to check everybody's teeth (and to tell Alison for the last time that sticking her toothbrush under the faucet doesn't fool *me* for one minute) and to hear everybody's prayers (and to tell Alison for the last time that beating everybody else to the "Amen" is *not* praying) and to kiss everybody goodnight (and to kiss Alison twice and tell her I love her anyway, which is the simple truth). On my way down I hear the baby calling, "He-e-ere, Mudda! Here, boy! *Come* on!" and since I am training her in obedience—you can never begin too young, I always think—I obey, and we have a little chat and a little rock and a little backrub until she falls asleep again.

By the time I get back to the furnace room Ben has had time to accomplish a great deal, and I feel much better about everything, even ROLLING TENNIS.

So, all right, I will hold the spiky thing in a way that it sits up on the edge of the table. It's not as if the children were going to play rolling tennis eight hours a day! Now: *By a slight pressure of this needle upon the axis of the runner fitted with a rubber tire the*

latter one begins to move, the other player swiftly catches, stops it to run, and jerks back with the same movement.

Only there's no runner. There is a rod with a little rubber tire at each end, but if that's the runner, how would I press its axis? Anyhow, an axis is what things *turn* on, isn't it? I know it is; I won't even look it up; and it's nine o'clock and Ben has started to fiddle with that idiotic transformer again. ROLLING TENNIS will simply have to wait till he finishes. At least I know the rules. *He who has won a point plays last, but in a new game it is the last loser who plays first.*

I pull out Your Friendly Corner Store. This is more my type, and besides it has a diagram that illustrates and labels not only Parts A to X of the Corner Store, but also its accessories. "Telephone," it tells you, under a picture of a telephone. "Cord." "Cash register." "Your Friendly Corner Store sign."

"Check off each step as you complete it," they warn you (and show you how—like this ☑), and "Follow all directions step by step." I never was a leader, anyhow, so I start right in. *Step 1.* ☐ *From the white side of the board press out all excess fiberboard from all slots, notches, and edges so that all the parts look like those in the kit drawings.* ☐ *Punch out holes for screws with a sharp pencil point.* ☐ *Place parts in alphabetical order.* My Friendly Corner Store and I are not so friendly as we used to be, by the time I finish Step 1. I feel they have been not quite straight with me. They clearly implied that there was only one ☐ to a step, but, I now note, there are seven ☐s in step 10, alone.

"Ben, look at this. It says here . . ."

"There's no point in getting mad about it," says Ben, who has made up with the transformer, solved ROLLING TENNIS (they meant "axle," not "axis," if that means anything to you), and is happily assembling some Thermo-Turbo thing without so much as a glance at the directions.

"Who's mad?" I snarl. Setting up the Corner Store involves pushing 78 tabs into 78 stupid little slots, and I know from experience that at the slightest sign of irritation on my part the tabs will turn into 78 sulky little bits of tissue paper. I grit my teeth and plod on. By the time I finish Step 12 (49 ☐s later) Ben has put together the bicycle, the tricycle, the tractor, both doll carriages, the doll's house, and the Walker Wagon. He is about to begin the electric hockey game when he discovers the instructions are in French. He hands me the instructions.

I can read French all right, but who knows what a *filet des buts* is, for heaven's sake, or a *casier pour pile sèche*, or a *vis à métal*, except maybe a French electrician? I go upstairs for the Larousse. (I *know*; but I don't think a French dictionary should necessarily be an integral part of Christmas Eve, not even at our house.) When I let myself back into the furnace room Ben looks at me for the first time this evening and blanches.

"Are you going to church like that?"

"Like what?" I answer huffily. And rhetorically.

Ben holds the Dreamy Dressing Table mirror up to my face. "It's 11:30," he says, and I tear up the stairs again.

Midnight Revulsion

Midnight Mass clears the crossness out of me. Priscilla goes with us this year, along with John and Pam and Jim; and as I watch them come back from Communion they look so solemn and young and tired and beautiful that my heart almost bursts. My heart almost bursts until I kiss them "Merry Christmas" in the cold starlight outside the church, and they refuse, with cries of revulsion, to kiss each other. Then my heart shrivels right back to normal.

Still, the furnace room *is* an anticlimax.

By 1:30, Ben and I are getting ruthless. When we find that the assembly instructions for John's cuckoo clock take up a 16-page booklet and begin: "Look what we have here!! What fun!! It's all the parts that go to make a real-as-life

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BLACK FOREST CUCKOO CLOCK!!" we clap the cover right back on the box and agree to pretend we thought he wanted a do-it-yourself cuckoo clock. We give up the Corner Store after we notice that besides the 19 steps on the front of the instruction sheet, there are an additional 33 on the back. Anyhow, Betsey hasn't mentioned that Corner Store in weeks.

By 2:15 the B-52 Turret Gun, the Helicopter-Bomber, the Kookie Kitchen, the weight-lifting set, and the puppet theater are assembled and upstairs; by 3:00 we've finished the musical rocking chair, the robot lady, the Sonar set, the fire engine, the weather station, the Yak-kity-Yob, and we've even found out how to make the Kissy Dolls kiss. By 3:45 every last item is complete and in the living room; the Christmas list has been recovered from the rubble on the furnace-room floor, and we're ready to distribute. That is, Ben arranges artistic exhibits while I sit on the floor stuffing Christmas stockings and tell him where to artistically arrange them.

"No, not there, honey: the Winchester rifle is Alison's. Put it on the desk with the Hedda-Get-Bedda doll. . . . That Chubby Checker album goes with Pam's stuff, Ben. Right over there—by the lounging pyjamas. The Mass in B Minor is John's—in the corner, sweetie! With the lie detector and the mineralogy set." Or: ". . . Ben, he's not even four years *old*! And, anyhow, couldn't we thrash this out some other time? . . . All right, all right, but just for now would you *please* put that Kissy Doll under the piano with Timothy's dump truck?"

And finally we're through. We thumbtack a sheet across the entrance to the living room and tiptoe upstairs to hang stockings on children's bedposts. Ben takes those for the children who don't believe in Santa Claus, because if they wake up they'll know it's only Daddy with the stockings; and I take those for the children who do, because if they wake up, they'll know it's only Mother.

At 4:10, in the black dark of the upstairs hall, I tiptoe round a corner into Ben, tiptoeing from the opposite direction. I gasp and clutch him.

"It's only Santa Claus."

"Oh Ben," I sigh, too tired even to move away from his cheek, which feels like a cactus patch. "What will we ever do when the children are grown up?"

"You're not expecting grandchildren? With that crew? What do you think you are—lucky?" says my sentimental Ben. □

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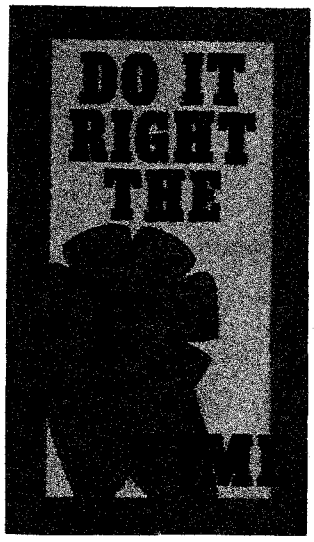

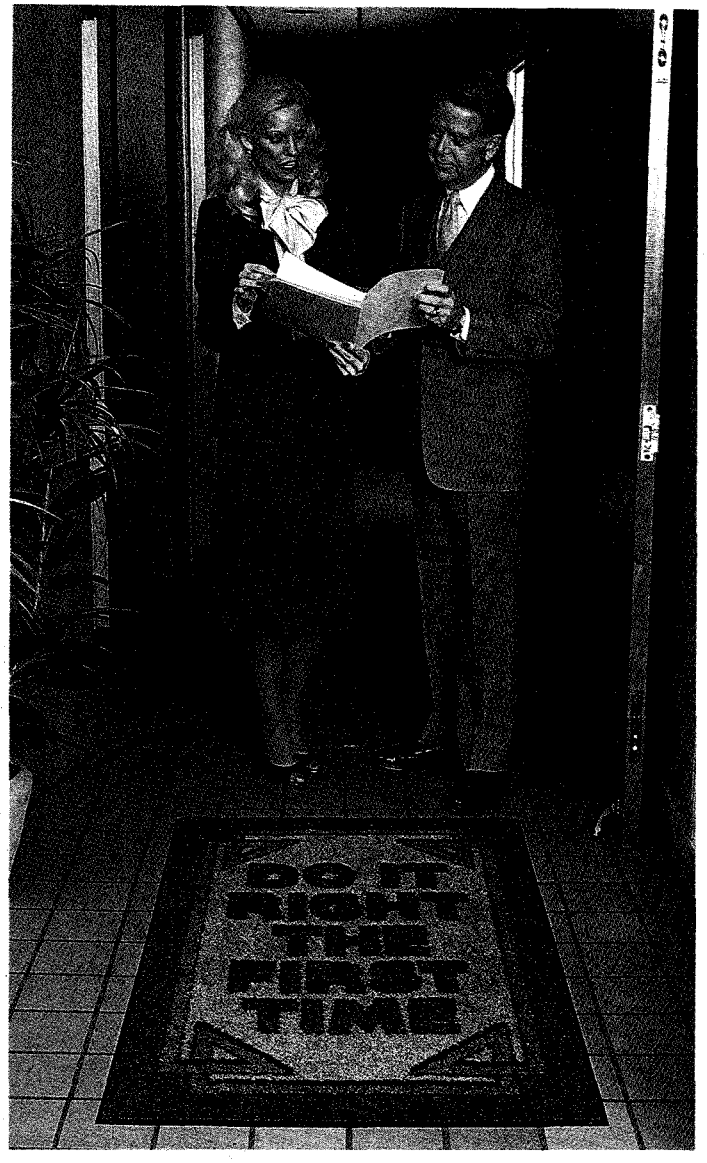

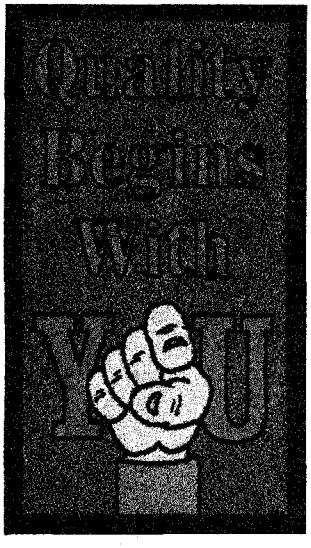

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RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

The Uneasy Case Against Reverend Moon

JOHN McCLAUGHRY

DESPITE THE protests of the Reagan Administration that it supports freedom of religion against government intrusion, the Internal Revenue Service is once again launching an assault on the independence of the nation's churches.

In the 1983 Bob Jones University and Goldsboro Christian Schools cases, the Supreme Court upheld the IRS position by decreeing that church-sponsored schools could not enjoy the benefits of tax exemption and deductibility if they practiced any form of racial discrimination. These cases dealt with schools, not with churches per se. Now, however, there is litigation under way designed to inject the government into the internal workings of bona-fide churches.

The case, brought by the Internal Revenue Service in 1981, is that of Reverend Sun Myung Moon, the Korean founder of the controversial Holy Spirit Association for the Unification of World Christianity, commonly known as the Unification Church, or the "Moonies." The IRS charged Reverend Moon with tax fraud. The District Court of New York convicted him, and he was sentenced to pay a $25,000 fine and serve 18 months in jail. A three-judge panel of the Second Circuit U.S. Court of Appeals recently affirmed the conviction on appeal, by a 2 to 1 vote. (Reverend Moon's lawyers have appealed for an en banc rehearing before the Second Circuit. If that is denied, they will seek review by the Supreme Court.)

It is unfortunate that the defendant in this case is such a controversial figure, for the public's feelings about the Moonies tend to override recognition of the key issue involved in the case. That key issue has nothing to do with Reverend Moon himself, or the theology of his church, or its fundraising and recruitment practices. It is, simply, the extent to which a bona-fide religious body can be penalized for refusing to adopt internal practices acceptable to the government. In addition, the circumstances surrounding the Moon prosecution strongly suggest a government vendetta against a church that politically powerful people find repugnant to their own brand of religion. Roger Williams, trudging south from Massachusetts Bay in 1635, would have understood.

Moon's Pilgrimage

Sun Myung Moon was born in 1920, in a rural part of what is now North Korea. His family converted to Presbyterianism when he was ten years old. When he was 16, he says, Jesus Christ appeared to him on Easter morning, telling him to go forth and complete Jesus's mission of reconciling humanity to God's word and His love. At the end of World War II, Moon, at age 26, founded what became the Unification Church.

He went to Pyongyang, then under Soviet occupation and now the capital of Communist North Korea. For his preaching the Communists had the usual respect. They threw him into a forced labor camp and tortured him to the point of death. American forces arrived at Hungnam in October 1950, and freed the young preacher from captivity. He made his way to Pusan, South Korea, six hundred miles away, pushing a bicycle carrying a comrade with a broken leg. From humble beginnings there the Unification Church took hold in Korea and Japan. By 1971 Reverend Moon, regarded by his followers as the embodiment of the faith and a new world prophet, was ready to go to America.

Now we come to the matter that led to Reverend Moon's prosecution. It is customary for new religions—and, indeed, many well established religions—to view their founders or clergymen as both spiritual and temporal trustees for the faithful. Adherents of the faith make their contributions to the leader of the church, who receives the assets in trust for the support and propagation of the faith.

In March 1972 Japanese church members contributed a substantial amount of money to Reverend Moon in support of the church's new missionary crusade to America. Reverend Moon deposited these funds in an account in his name in the Chase Manhattan Bank. His accountants duly reported funds withdrawn by him for personal living expenses as taxable income to him. But the interest earned on the money in the bank—totaling $106,500 over three years—was not reported as taxable income.

The crux of the matter is whether Reverend Moon accepted the contributions as trustee for the church and used them for traditional religious purposes. If so, the interest was not taxable. If not —*if* Reverend Moon simply pocketed the funds for his personal use—then the interest was indeed taxable, and Reverend Moon committed tax fraud in failing to report it.

Before examining this question further, it is worth noting the circumstances surrounding the prosecution of Reverend Moon, seven years after his failure to report the interest income. (In 1976 the Church incorporated in order to avoid further problems.)

There was in 1981 considerable public resentment against the Moonies. The National Council of Churches refused to accept the Unification Church's doctrines as compatible with traditional Christianity. There was widespread disapproval of the Church's fundraising methods, which included street solicitation. And there were frequent uproars over young people who had allegedly been seduced into Mooniehood by various brainwashing techniques.

In this atmosphere of public hostility the government brought its case for tax fraud. Reverend Moon, who had voluntarily returned from Korea to New York to stand trial, stated publicly his belief that the prosecution was motivated by racial and religious factors. His lawyers asked for a trial without a jury, fearing that no objective jury could be empaneled. Surprisingly, the government, which usually prefers court trials to jury trials, demanded a jury trial. Judge Goettel accepted the government's position.

At first the case seemed simple. It was clear that Reverend Moon had received the funds, put them into the bank, earned

Mr. McClaughry was Senior Policy Advisor in the White House during the first year of the Reagan Administration. He has no connection with the Unification Church.

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interest on them, and ignored the interest on his income-tax form. But Judge Goettel soon recognized that the real question was an intricate one, centering on the elusive nature of an implied trust relationship. At the same time, it became apparent that the jury was out of its depth. Even the judge himself observed, from the bench, that in the effort to secure a relatively unbiased jury it had been necessary to empanel jurors "who don't know much, because they are obviously the persons who start off with the least bias." These were, he said, "the less educated and less intelligent people." To this jury the judge then presented the complicated and subtle question of the implied trust relationship.

The technicalities of this question are better left to the law journals, but the basic issue was this: If the donors intended to give funds to the church for religious purposes, thereby implicitly creating a charitable trust, and if the funds were employed by the trustee (Reverend Moon) for such purposes, then Reverend Moon was not guilty of tax fraud in failing to report the interest on his personal tax return.

Anatomy of a Prosecution

Throughout its prosecution, the government insisted on the irrelevance of Reverend Moon's role as the founder of his church, terming him instead "an ordinary high-ranking businessman." When the defense sought to introduce evidence that Reverend Moon was merely a trustee for a religious body, the government objected. Even worse, government counsel openly intimidated the defense by promising to respond to a defense built around Reverend Moon's religious role by introducing "negative things about the church"—whether or not related to the financial arrangement in question. (The Christian Legal Society, representing the Christian evangelical movement, eventually filed an appellate brief arguing that this trial behavior by the government "unconstitutionally infringed on the defendant's free speech, [and] may also have a chilling effect on other individuals freely discussing and propagating their religions.")

The jury—improperly charged, according to the defense—found Reverend Moon guilty. His appeal was rejected, and at this writing his lawyers have asked for a rehearing before the entire appeals court to review what even the majority of the appeals panel termed the "troubling issues of religious persecution and abridgement of free speech" in the Moon case.

That those issues are troubling to many far beyond the Unification Church is a fact reflected by the remarkably broad coalition of religious organizations joining in a friend of the court brief on Reverend Moon's behalf: the National Council of Churches, the United Presbyterian Church, the American Baptist Churches, the AME Church, the Unitarian Universalist Association, and the National Black Catholic Clergy Caucus.

In the view of these mainline church organizations, "when someone's religious beliefs and practices become relevant to refuting the charges against him, treating him as though religion had nothing to do with the matter is the very essence of unfairness and discrimination. . . . Upholding the conviction in this case," the church groups continued, "would establish the dangerous principle that courts may simply disregard the religious reasons for, and the religious meanings of, someone's conduct.

"The principle that religious notions and explanations must at least be fully taken into account . . . is critical to followers of all faiths, not simply those faiths that are new or small or in disfavor," said the brief. "From the tax-exempt status of a church's parking lot, to the validity of an unincorporated church association's assertion of power to direct the actions of a church corporation, little of what even modern-day mainstream churches routinely do would survive intact if squeezed through a religion-extracting filter.

"Upholding the conviction in this case," the brief concluded, "would also establish the proposition that judges and juries may simply override a religion's own decisions about how to organize itself, how to allocate responsibility over church matters, and how to expend church resources. . . . The judgment in this case does not simply run roughshod over religion: It positively penalizes religious fervor and spiritual expression."

At the heart of the government's position seems to be the idea that there is nothing special about religion. If you wish to start a church, or contribute to a church, you must follow practices dictated by the government. Those who do not will be prosecuted vigorously, and the more unorthodox the religious beliefs involved, the more ammunition the government will bring to bear to sway a jury against your cause.

Furthermore—and here is the threat to all organized religions—the government is here assuming the power to penetrate into church affairs. Even a church as established as the Roman Catholic Church observes a doctrine whereby the bishop is the personal manager of church funds. Under the doctrine advanced by the government in its pursuit of Reverend Moon, all decisions of a bishop or other church official would be made under peril of prosecution, if the government was somehow displeased with the result.

Choice of Victims

One may concede that the government was clever in its choice of victims. Reverend Moon is not a popular figure in the American religious world. He is a non-white, a foreigner who speaks only halting English. His theology is highly unorthodox. In addition, he is outspokenly anti-Communist and sees himself as a rallying force for a great American struggle to roll back the Communist tide in the world. Then there are the allegations concerning the Moonies' fundraising and recruitment practices. If the government wanted to establish a new doctrine of government supervision of churches, it could hardly have chosen a better target to make its case.

But the case of Reverend Moon is not just his own problem. It should be a matter of grave concern for all those who defend freedom of religion against unwarranted government intrusion. For if Reverend Moon goes to jail—this time not in Communist North Korea, but in the United States of America, the great bastion of religious liberty—something of vital importance to all American religions goes with him.

At this stage, having won on appeal, the government's lawyers can be expected to resist any further review of the case in a higher court. But in view of the momentous issues involved—which the appeals court recognized even as its majority ruled against the defendant—the Reagan Administration should take the unusual step of supporting Reverend Moon's petition for review at the appeals-court level and, if that fails, his petition for review by the Supreme Court. Such recognition by the Administration that this is more than a simple case of white-collar crime would vastly increase the chances of a definitive consideration of the religious-liberty issue by the highest court in the land. □

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HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

Return to Grenada

GEOFFREY WAGNER

As our plane, a beaten-up Avro, its Rolls-Royce engines virtually stitched to its wings by chicken wire, dipped over lush jungle down to Pearls Airport by Grenville, the Grenadians aboard, many of them returning exiles, broke into singing and cheering. The old calypso "Grenada me come from" saw us in. In the gathering dusk Black Hawk helicopters were lifting handcuffed prisoners off, while Airborne troops scrutinized incoming passengers with courtesy and zeal. The first soldier I saw when I got off was a red beret jogging on the airstrip, bare-chested but wearing his shoulder harness. I was even photographed kissing Grenadian soil; I find you can tell U.S. press photographers by the depth of their beards, evidently a no-no in the Army Rangers.

Our house had been used to hide the Governor General, Sir Paul Scoon, in for a week. In fact, we had been Government House! We were taken to it in an open Airborne truck because you need a pass or an escort to get into the area. Colleen, my wife, sat on some ammo crates in back and I squeezed in front with the driver and a corporal to act as their guide; they were new to the island and we had to take the hour-long east road round since there had been some sniping over the hill during the day.

Everywhere our truck went we saw locals waving and pro-U.S. signs. Anthony Lewis would have gone crazy. In the town of Tempe, what had once been called Kaunda Square was now plastered with GOD BLESS AMERICA signs and U.S.A. FOREVER. Cobra helicopter gunships paddled about overhead.

As it grew dark it became a bumpy ride, and as the bumps grew softer I glanced at my gun-toting, gum-chewing companion. He was a she, a dead ringer for Goldie Hawn in *Private Benjamin*. She shadowed Colleen like a leech through our grounds up to the house, which the soldiers searched in true *Dragnet* fashion. The door had been kicked in and some damage done, but I must say I had done much worse myself as a young British officer in Italy in 1943. Airborne bade us farewell, leaving us with cases of C rations. *C rats!* Holy smoke, exactly forty years ago I remember scrounging those off "the Yanks" whenever we could. And they are virtually the same. I went for the sliced peaches first then, and I still do, although the chocolate cookies are much improved, the fudge ones being four-star by anyone's standards.

Perhaps the most moving aspect of our return was to learn of the courage of the unarmed and starving Grenadians themselves. My gardener had crawled through the bush throughout the shoot-on-sight curfew and the later fighting, in order to feed our animals. A very tough character indeed, he makes his living diving for sea moss and selling it down at Trinidad. He hated Communism, and this was his way of expressing it. Once the Americans came, the island dogs never had it so good. They probably got sliced peaches too.

A Document Bonanza

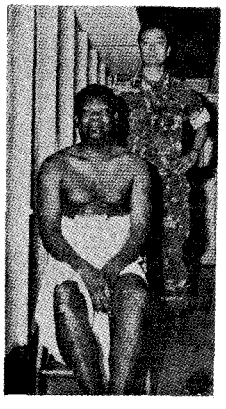
"Urgent Fury" seems to have been a singularly clean operation, and if only the unspeakable Forbes Burnham, ruler of Guyana, hadn't leaked it out, it would have been even cleaner. The Russian "embassy," a group of huts at one end of Grande Anse bay, over which the press made such a fuss when it was supposedly bombed, was scarcely touched. The radio station nearby was deservedly

(Continues on page 1631)

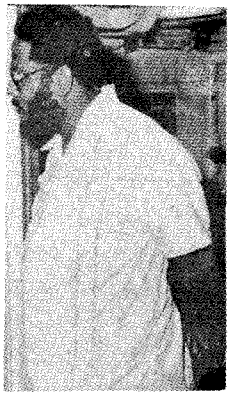
Mr. Wagner is NR*'s correspondent in Grenada.*

FORMER PRA MEMBERS

Your corrupt Leaders have surrendered, knowing resistance is USELESS



Hudson Austin



Bernard Coard

Turn in your weapons and report to the Caribbean Peacekeeping Force

Join your countrymen now in rebuilding a truly democratic Grenada

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help!!!!

Women's Lib Aftershocks

On buses, you don't get my seat
Unless you're 86 and beat,
Nor do I hold a door for you
If you're not pushing 92.
At parties, I don't pull back chairs
Or bow as you sweep down the stairs,
And when you walk a beat at night,
I lock my front door up real tight.

W. H. von Dreele

"Where were you on the night of December 24?"

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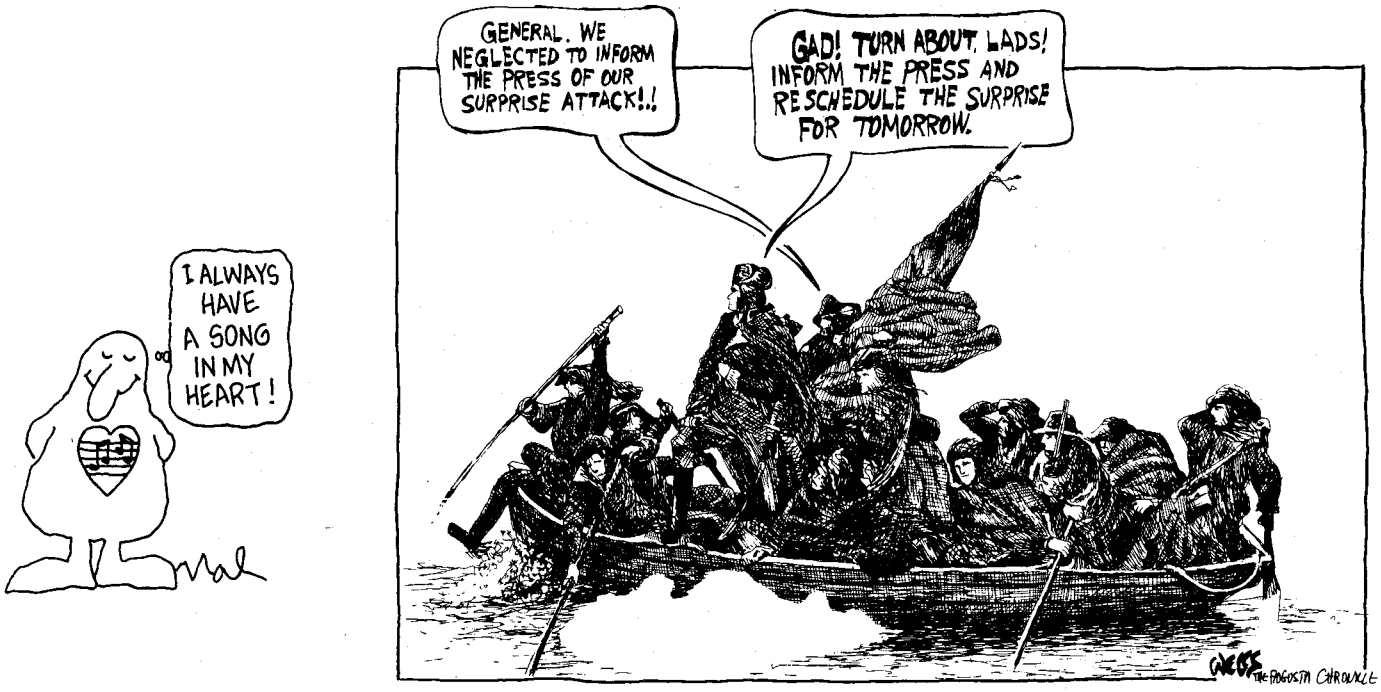
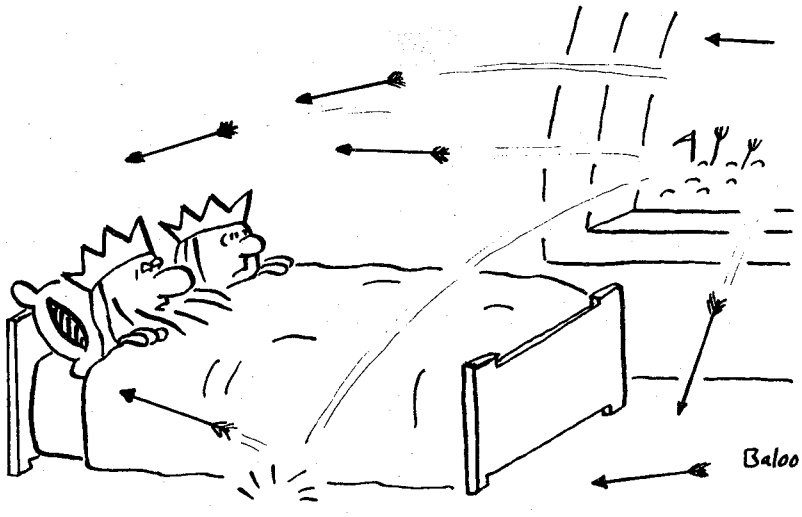
Ford, *Punch* Rothco

"Typical—the first Christmas and we have to spend it away from home."


I ALWAYS HAVE A SONG IN MY HEART!
GENERAL. WE NEGLECTED TO INFORM THE PRESS OF OUR SURPRISE ATTACK!!
GAD! TURN ABOUT, LADS! INFORM THE PRESS AND RESCHEDULE THE SURPRISE FOR TOMORROW.



"I can see right now that it's going to be one of those days."

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The Sex of Christmas

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

MICHAEL NOVAK

CHESTERTON once wrote that Judaism and Christianity are, of all the world's religions, the most materialistic. Thus, it did not totally surprise that devout young woman of Judaism, Mary, that God should have chosen her to be (as Christians hold) the mother of the Messiah. If not her, then some other woman. *In principle*, the idea that God would send a Savior born of woman had been cherished for many generations.

Jews, therefore, understand very well the material attentions of the Lord God Jehovah: who chose as his holy place this people, in this land, gathered near the city around Mount Sion. To say of one land that it is "the Holy Land" is to be materialist.

Christians have learned this sense of matter, of particulars, of flesh and place and time, from Judaism. The very event we celebrate at Christmas—the birth of a male Child to a woman in an inn in Bethlehem, in the year of the Census, in the midnight cold—depends upon this instinct. It suggests that being man and being woman are crucial matters of differentiation, not lightly to be passed over in sexless words like "person." In this world of flesh, there are no disembodied persons: only women and men.

One might even believe that, in case He hadn't thought of it from eternity, this material fact would have posed a problem for Jehovah. When it came time to send the Messiah, should Jehovah send a woman—or a man? If the Messiah was ever to be born of flesh it could only be through a woman. The sex of the *mother* of the Messiah was predetermined. What about the sex of the Child?

Today we know the fact, of course. The Messiah came as a male. What we do not know is *why*. Yet it does seem that we can figure it out.

Nature is as sexist as nature's God. It not only differentiates; it discriminates. The principle of sexual differentiation abounds in the kingdom of life on earth (although not among the angels, who are, nevertheless, unconsciously given masculine names and, by artists, either male or female forms). In almost every feature of their beings, as present-day research continues marvelously to demonstrate, females differ from males: in hormones, nerves, intellectual proclivities, rates and kinds of growth, etc.

If the Messiah had come as a woman, males could never quite "image her," not insofar as the image was bodily, only perhaps in some "spiritual" sense as "persons." They could love her, imitate her, appropriate her virtues; they could be saved by her; they could not image her. A woman Messiah could give birth, as no man could. There are many other actions only a woman can perform. Moreover, in that year of the Roman Census, there was a culture for women different from that for men. There were traditional models, rituals, virtues, expectations, strengths and liabilities.

THE GOD of the Jews was characteristically described in terms applicable to males—Warrior, Judge, Lord, Father—and, unlike other gods of the ancient world, was held to be independent of any goddess: consort, mother, daughter. Can one explain this circumstance by saying that the Creator of the Universe was simply trapped into it, by the accidents of Israelite first-century culture, as if He had not always willed it so?

The Lord God seems to have been at considerable pains to link His Being to masculine imagery. For materials certainly abounded among other peoples, in other cultures, for presenting divinity as feminine, oceanic, mothering, female. As the Lord chose His people, so He chose the sexual imagery by which to lead human minds to some dim vision of His identity.

And it seemed crucial, therefore (so we might weakly reconstruct His logic), that the Messiah seem to be in His image: come, in other words, as a Son, not as a Daughter. Humans would thereafter speak of both in masculine terms: He, His, Almighty Father, only-begotten Son, Son proceeding from the Father. The metaphor of sexual generation is indispensable to human understanding of the relation of Son to Father. The metaphor of mother and daughter would have involved a quite different relation. (The question would naturally have arisen: But who was the Father?)

At Christmas, at the birth of the Child, the Christian mind is turned toward the mystery of human sexuality as powerfully as ever in the liturgical year (which, day by day, yearly re-creates every mystery of faith and every event in the Savior's life). Without human sexuality, the mystery of the Incarnation is not made flesh. Was woman thought of in the mind of the Eternal God in order to bring forth His Son in history?

And it might then be said that the relation of Son to Father was imagined by the Creator in eternity so that, through it, there might be available in time a metaphor for the Trinity. For God created the world, and all things in it, in *His* image. Not the reverse. Feuerbach was wrong; our ideas about God do not come from human experience, human experience comes from the eternal creative mind of God.

God saw sexual differentiation, and saw that it is good. His revelation of Himself through a chosen patriarchal people, through the Incarnation, and through the ways He taught us to think about the Trinity is inextricably tied up with sexual differentiation. Remove the latter and the seamless web unravels. Neuter human life, and Christianity and Judaism both become gnostic religions, religions of no sex. Gnostic and no-sex go together. They have their own cults. They are not the cults of Christmas.

Those who seek to neuter the Scriptures, even with the best of intentions, unravel what the Creator with infinite pains has woven into nature and history. They are free, of course, to invent their own sex-neutral religion. At Christmas, the rest of us will contemplate woman and son, bowing before the mystery of human sexuality through which our God has chosen to reveal Himself.

The God of Judaism and Christianity is neither male nor female, neither is He embodied. But images from the male illuminate more about Him than images from the female: Both owe their being to Him, and He owes His Son's presence on earth to the woman. □

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Books Arts & Manners

Gentlemen's Agreement

The FBI and Martin Luther King Jr.: From "Solo" to Memphis
By David J. Garrow
Norton, 320 pp., $15.95

JOSEPH SOBRAN

There is such a thing as Communism. In fact it rules half the earth. It offers itself, rather insistently, as the only legitimate principle of social order. Its second great prophet, Lenin, preached doctrines of subversion and "liberation." Several European democracies have large Communist parties. The largest Communist nation-state is the strongest military power in history, and it has been gaining allies at a rather remarkable rate since the Sixties.

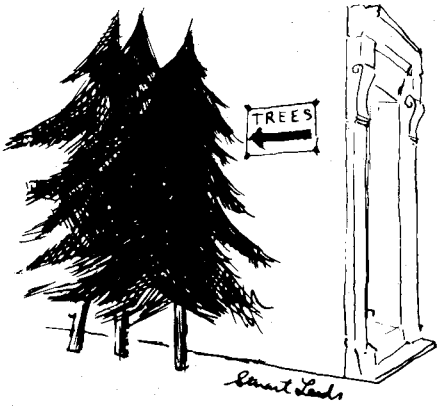
But we are not to worry about Communism. Nor should we suspect that sympathy with Communism could ever be a "problem" among ourselves. Any interest as to such sympathy is simply prurient. Any conclusion that such sympathy exists where it is not openly avowed is fantastic. Alger Hiss was innocent, and even if he was guilty, so what? Anti-Communism is more dangerous than Communism.

The liberal attitudes described in the second paragraph jibe so poorly with the facts adduced in the first paragraph that they should be of more interest to the psychologist than to the political philosopher. They express a will to shirk reality that will someday make historians gape (assuming the discipline of history itself survives the Communist era). Meanwhile, a historian of our time has written an odd book indeed.

Making use of the Freedom of Information Act, David J. Garrow has written an account of the FBI's secret surveillance and harassment of Martin Luther King Jr. that crazily manages to sustain both the facts (they appear to be scrupulously recorded) and the prescribed liberal attitudes. Garrow never doubts that the FBI was wrong, utterly wrong, to spy on King, apart from trying to drive him to self-destruction. Yet he concludes that, from its own point of view, it was right to see him as a subversive, a radical revolutionary rather than a mere reformer. It's just that Garrow doesn't seem to think there was anything wrong with King's radicalism, whereas the FBI's behavior comes in for judgments like "racist," "vicious," and "pernicious." Whatever we think of his opinions, we can thank him for getting the facts on the record.

In the early Fifties the FBI launched what it called Operation Solo. It found a pair of disenchanted but well-connected Communists, Morris Childs and his brother Jack, who agreed to act as counterspies. Reporting regularly on contacts between the American Communist Party and the Kremlin, the Childs brothers were the highly reliable sources for the FBI's knowledge of King's Communist associates.

The most important of these was a lawyer named Stanley Levison, who ceased being an active Party member and financial contributor, as far as Morris Childs could tell, shortly before going to work with King. Garrow is at pains to stress that there is no evidence that Levison had any further Communist ties or sympathies from that point on. Fine. But inasmuch as the first few chapters of the book make clear how clandestine this sort of Communist operation tends to be, it is a bit much to extend an *intellectual* presumption of innocence to a habitually sneaky man just because he managed not to leave any tracks. In fact the word "innocence" presupposes that Communist activities are culpable, and it's not clear that Garrow would even commit himself to that notion; so why should he give Levison the benefit of the doubt?



At any rate, we learn, along the way, that King had no objections to Communism, that he had plenty of reason to suspect (if he didn't simply know) that several of his associates were Communists, that he privately described himself as a "Marxist" (at least in economics), that he thought "the whole structure of American life must be changed," that by the end of his life he was saying publicly that "we are engaged in the class struggle." Garrow's account of these things is rather skimpy, and he seems to suggest that there was no more of same where all this came from, when in fact it seems more likely that King was leading a hypocritical double life. This is the real significance of his uninhibited sex life, which shocked a number of his more casual associates as they found out about it. His lechery seems to have been a constant habit, not an occasional fall

M. E. Bradford *is a professor of English at the University of Dallas. . . .* **S. T. Cohen** *is the author of* The Truth about the Neutron Bomb. . . . **Forrest McDonald** *is a professor of history at the University of Alabama. . . .* **Joe Mysak** *is an editor and staff writer for* The Bond Buyer.

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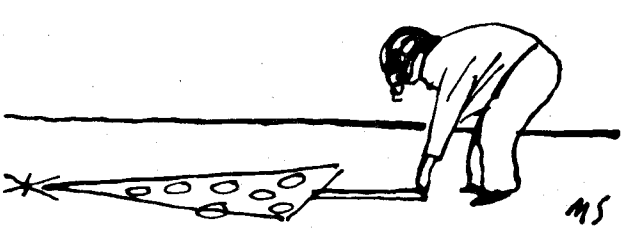
from rectitude, and he appears to have been cynical in his exploitation of his role as a preacher. But Garrow makes as little of these data as he can; he is interested in the FBI's sins, and he discusses King's only to tell the story of how the FBI reacted—and overreacted—to them.

But Garrow's fairmindedness constrains him to admit that the FBI had its reasons. King was offering a serious challenge to a whole social order. He took no responsibility for the maintenance of the social fabric, confident of the righteousness of his disruption of it. For all his quirks and vices, J. Edgar Hoover was not entirely mistaken to see himself as charged with the protection of American order, since that is just what the FBI was set up for; it seems silly to have to spell it out.

Garrow admits this, but he still treats Communism as a minor irrelevance, in keeping with the liberal prescriptions. It is unfortunate that a historian should fail to detach himself more completely from fashionable attitudes. Still, he has done us a service, and the remarkable thing about this book, published last year, is that the press has managed to maintain a gentlemen's agreement not to allow its revelations to obtrude on the canonization proceedings for King. When Jesse Helms tried to play devil's advocate in the Senate, much of the information he offered his colleagues was drawn from *The FBI and Martin Luther King Jr.* He was treated as a blasphemer. So much for the people's right to know.

King has now been elevated to parity with George Washington because the American media contrived a sort of coverup of information that was already a matter of public record. Quite a feat. But it was felt somehow indecorous to discuss facts that would surely be of interest to the populace that is being required to honor King as a national saint. That's how our system works now. The press has been Finlandized: The constant implicit denial that Communism is a problem is itself an oblique expression of Communist power. King must have sensed he was playing on the winning team. □



In the Shadow of FDR: From Harry Truman to Ronald Reagan
By William E. Leuchtenburg
Cornell, 346 pp., $19.95

LEAD, BLINDING LIGHT

FORREST McDONALD

Now and again a knee-jerk liberal rises above himself and, by virtue of diligent research, insight, or sophistication, produces a work that is highly perceptive. This is not one of those occasions.

The idea is not a bad one, for everybody knows that FDR remained an eczema on the body politic long after the interment of his mortal remains, and yet nobody has made a systematic study of his effect upon his successors. Moreover, William E. Leuchtenburg, an admirer and leading student of FDR, would appear to be as well equipped as anyone to undertake such a study. His *Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal* won the Bancroft and Parkman prizes, and he seems to have made a lifelong hobby of collecting everything that everyone—or at least every politician, pundit, and President—has said about FDR since he died.

The effort does not, however, come off. One reason is that the work is astonishingly, indeed embarrassingly, clumsy in its craftsmanship, resembling nothing half so much as a doctoral dissertation in which the fledgling scholar composes by turning over and reproducing his note cards, one by one. Almost every paragraph contains at least one quotation from somebody or other. As individual pieces of gossip, it must be said, many are fascinating, especially those that reveal the private opinions of figures who praised FDR in public. Clark Clifford and Harry Truman, for instance, referred somewhat callously to the sainted one as "the cadaver." Other tidbits—for example that "Honey Fitz" Fitzgerald was wont to break into a chorus of "Sweet Adeline" without provocation—seem to be included because Leuchtenburg misfiled a note card. In any event, anecdotes do not a history make, nor iron bars a cage.

The stream-of-quotation style failing to carry his case, Leuchtenburg from time to time resorts to historical analyses that are—well, I suppose imaginative is the *mot juste*. To say, for example, that Jack Kennedy's last-minute campaign to identify himself with Roosevelt won him the 1960 West Virginia primary over Hubert Humphrey—it was money, not imagery, that did the trick—is as bizarre as to say a few pages later that Humphrey's campaigning for Roosevelt had carried Minnesota for the Democratic ticket in 1944. To say that Lyndon Johnson gathered the support of the Southern delegates to the Democratic convention in 1960 by flaunting his Roosevelt connection is to forget how assiduously LBJ cultivated the Southerners by dissociating himself from the New Deal and insisting that he was a true son of the South. To cite as evidence of FDR's towering shadow the fact that the band at Democratic conventions still strikes up "Happy Days Are Here Again" is a trifle flimsy. And to point out that reporters ritualistically compare every new President's first hundred days with Roosevelt's whirlwind Hundred Days is a comment on the lack of imagination among reporters, not on the perduring shadow of FDR.

As I read it, Leuchtenburg's assessment is roughly this: Harry Truman did a decent job of carrying out FDR's policies, but was unable to win a secure niche in history because FDR's act was too glamorous to follow. Eisenhower personally disliked FDR, saying he was a "frivolous" and "cruel" man who "never understood"; in goodly measure Ike avoided FDR's shadow because they were so different and because he was essentially apolitical. (In this connection, Leuchtenburg quotes approvingly a 1952 column by Joseph C. Harsch in which there appeared this awesome display of historical ignorance: "Eisenhower . . . has been as remote from, and as emotionally untouched by, the great American civil conflicts of the past twenty years as William of Orange was remote from the wars between Cavaliers and Roundheads, which slid into history when William set sail for England in 1688.") Jack Kennedy was ambiguous about FDR but scored with the voters by affecting Roosevelt's patrician style. Lyndon Johnson was thoroughly committed to the New Deal and achieved greatly until he offended the gods by daring to surpass the master. Nixon and Ford were dominated by FDR's shadow because they attempted to undo his work. Jimmy Carter was a cipher who

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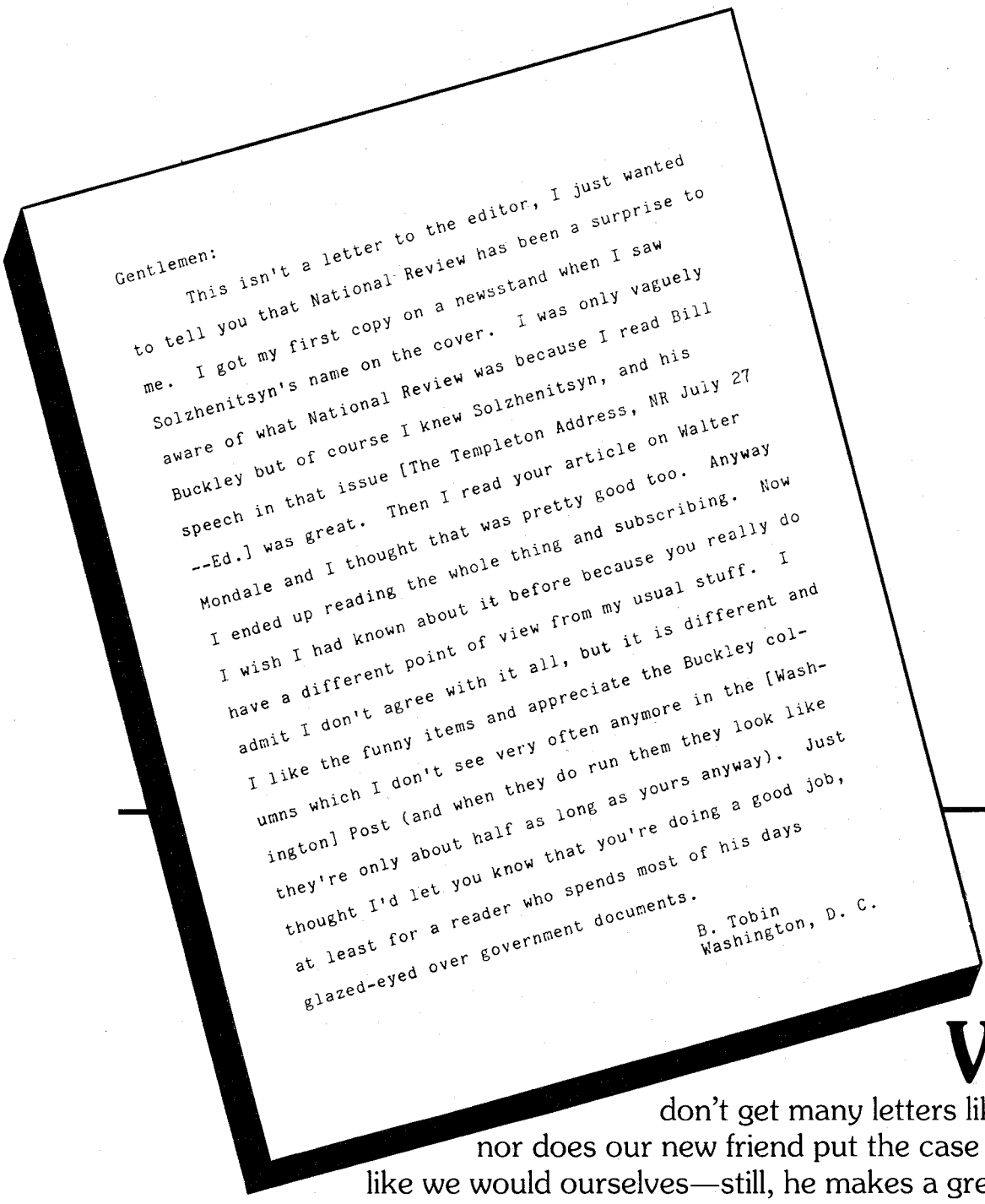

Gentlemen:

This isn't a letter to the editor, I just wanted to tell you that National Review has been a surprise to me. I got my first copy on a newsstand when I saw Solzhenitsyn's name on the cover. I was only vaguely aware of what National Review was because I read Bill Buckley but of course I knew Solzhenitsyn, and his speech in that issue [The Templeton Address, NR July 27 --Ed.] was great. Then I read your article on Walter Mondale and I thought that was pretty good too. Anyway I ended up reading the whole thing and subscribing. Now I wish I had known about it before because you really do have a different point of view from my usual stuff. I admit I don't agree with it all, but it is different and I like the funny items and appreciate the Buckley columns which I don't see very often anymore in the [Washington] Post (and when they do run them they look like they're only about half as long as yours anyway). Just thought I'd let you know that you're doing a good job, at least for a reader who spends most of his days glazed-eyed over government documents.

B. Tobin
Washington, D. C.

We'll admit we don't get many letters like the above—nor does our new friend put the case for NR exactly like we would ourselves—still, he makes a great point: NR *is* different, and it's well worth getting regularly. So if you don't yet have your own personal subscription, why not use the card facing this page now? It will bring you the next 15 valuable issues for just $14.95 (saving you a full $7.55 over the newsstand price). And *now* is the best time to have NR—with the '84 presidential battles already in full swing, you shouldn't miss a single installment of NR's unique reporting and inside information.

So fill out and mail the card facing this page right now (before you get distracted). You'll be glad you did—and so, of course, will we—many thanks!

P.S.: You can also use the card to send NR to somebody you know who should be reading it.

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never thought much about FDR or anything else.

Thus far Leuchtenburg makes an effort, albeit rarely a successful one, to preserve balance in discussing the various Presidents. When he gets to Reagan he becomes positively nasty. Until 1949, says the author, Reagan was a left-wing New Dealer who idolized FDR, but in that year he noticed that taxes were taking a large bite out of his bloated income, and besides, "his life was breaking up—his first marriage had ended in divorce, his career was fading." Accordingly, he became a right-winger and thenceforth dedicated himself to adopting Rooseveltian methods to undo the work of the Great Man, all the while denying that he had ever been a lefty.

After seven chapters of showing us how he can trivialize history, Leuchtenburg concludes with an epilogue in which he shows what he can do to the fine arts. It is unfair to judge FDR's successors by his own blinding light, he says, for nobody would ever have the opportunity to be that great again. I mean, after all, no composer wanted to take on the oratorio after Handel, the Passion form did not survive Bach, and after the pinnacle of Beethoven's Ninth, few ever had another shot at writing a symphony, and "Beethoven himself spent his final days rereading Handel's scores." I am not pulling your leg: Leuchtenburg really says that. □

RANDOM NOTES

■ More January Titles: In *A Partisan View: Five Decades of the Literary Life* (Stein & Day, $19.95), William Phillips, co-founder and editor of *The Partisan Review*, reflects upon his former colleagues and contributors and the political and aesthetic ideas that motivated their work.

Patrick Brantlinger's *Bread and Circuses: Theories of Mass Culture as Social Decay* (Cornell, $24.50) attempts to find a middle road between cultural pessimism and cultural optimism by arguing that mass communications do in fact have "liberating" potential, though the book is never very clear as to just what this might be.

In *Femininity* (Linden/Simon & Schuster, $14.95) Susan Brownmiller, author of a previous book called *Against Our Will*, in which she seemed to be arguing that masculinity has had its day, finds the subject of her new work equally outmoded.

Dark Horse: The Life of Wendell L. Willkie (Doubleday, $19.95), by Steve Neal, succeeds in giving us a portrait of a naïve politician well to the left of the man who forfeited the presidential race to Franklin Roosevelt in 1940. . . . *The Autobiography of LeRoi Jones* (Freundlich/Scribner's, dist., $16.95), by—as he's now called—Amiri Baraka, does, if nothing else, satisfy the reader's pallid curiosity as to what this weird creature of the late Fifties and Sixties has been doing with himself.

The Story of Henri Tod (Doubleday, $14.95), by Wm. F. Buckley Jr., finds Blackford Oakes battling the building of the Berlin Wall. It is already posting rave advance notices. . . . William Burroughs's new novel, *Place of Dead Roads* (Holt, Rinehart, $15.95), the protagonist of which is a homosexual Western gunman who travels through space and time in his attempt to overthrow the Christian God, is strictly for Burroughs enthusiasts. . . . *Elizabeth Bishop: The Collected Prose* (Farrar, $17.50), edited and with an introduction by Robert Giroux, brings together eight stories and nine nonfiction pieces by a fine writer. It's a companion volume to *Collected Poems: 1927-1979.* —CW

One Brief Shining Moment:
Remembering Kennedy
By William Manchester
Little, Brown, 280 pp., $25

A LITTLE TRANSFORMATION MUSIC

JOE MYSAK

William Manchester would often sit on a White House balcony drinking beer and talking long into the night with his friend John F. Kennedy, whose career he had followed, first as a writer, then as a friend, since Kennedy broke into politics in 1946. One does not take such things lightly. Nor does one eat dinner and play touch football with the Royal Family at Hyannis Port without being struck by their splendor, without getting caught up in the spirit of the thing: thus *One Brief Shining Moment*, Manchester's memoir of the almost two decades of his friendship with Kennedy. He has gone over this ground before, in *Portrait of a President* and in *Death of a President*, but not in such personal fashion. Here he writes not as a biographer or a historian but as a friend, and it is in those terms that this book must be judged.

It has been twenty years since the assassination, and, according to Manchester,

> what the hero was and what he believed are submerged by the demands of those who mourn him. In myth he becomes what they want him to have been, and anyone who belittles the transformation has an imperfect understanding of how the emotions of an entire nation may be moved. A romantic concept of what may have been can be far more compelling than what was. . . . All people ask of a legendary hero is that he have been truly noble, a splendid figure who was cherished and cruelly lost. Glorification follows.

Manchester knows this, and yet he believes in that "one brief shining moment" that was Camelot on the Potomac. For Kennedy was not only his friend, but also something of his own Gatsby, an ultimately tragic figure filled with heightened sensitivity to the promises of life. How else can one explain such moonshine, though pretty moonshine it is, as "He seemed taller than he was because he was reaching, and because he would never stop reaching, his grasp became extraordinary." Or:

> Doubtless none of this appears fascinating now. Neither does a magician's sleight-of-hand once he has explained it. A survivor can only affirm that there was a kind of enchantment about the Kennedys then, a rare quality investing all their festivities, and since you still don't understand how the trick was done, the charm lingers among the bric-à-brac of treasured memories. Your common sense kept reminding you that laughter and shining triumph cannot last forever, but somehow you felt, against all reason, that these people were going to be an exception.

Now, the memoir is an inexact art, especially when it brushes up against that old Kennedy magic and the Arthurian legend; however, the author does manage to include a few anecdotes that reveal Kennedy as a human being, rather than the marble man of history.

For one thing, Kennedy, the fierce competitor, was a bad loser when it came to bets. Then there was the time when Manchester asked him the secret of his romantic triumphs (this during the early Boston days), and Kennedy replied, "Some guys have got it, and some haven't. You haven't got it." Or the time, after the Bay of Pigs, when Kennedy mused, "What gets me is that all

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these people seem to want me to fail. I don't understand that. If I don't succeed, there may not be another President." Again, Kennedy planned, after his second term, to start a newspaper in Washington, or possibly run for his old Senate seat (he expected Teddy to step aside).

Vignettes like these tell us about the man. Unfortunately, there are too few of them. Manchester spends more time answering Kennedy's detractors. Yet his subject needs no historical vindication. Of Kennedy's method of rounding up the Ohio delegates to the 1960 convention, Manchester writes, "He did it by playing very rough politics; it wasn't attractive, but a President who can't be hard is vulnerable, and so is his country." This is politics; it needs no defense—unless of course one sees Kennedy surrounded by a nimbus.

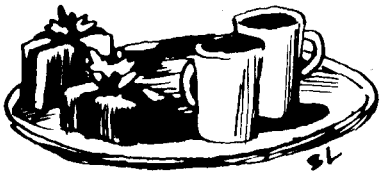
As for the historical record, Kennedy botched the Bay of Pigs, and so had to spend a good deal of time repairing the damage to the country's prestige with its allies. He practiced brinkmanship with the Russians in Cuba and at the Berlin Wall, and both times won the battle, if not the war. He cautiously embraced the civil-rights movement, and cannot be held responsible for the excesses of the Great Society that came after. He apparently planned to end the nation's participation in Vietnam in 1965, heeding MacArthur's advice about not committing American troops in Asia. And his economic policies are being hailed even now. This is a very decent record. But Manchester may be excused his zeal. The Bible says, "A faithful friend is a strong defense: and he that hath found such an one hath found a treasure." William Manchester is a faithful friend. □

Inside the Soviet Army
By Viktor Suvorov
Macmillan, 296 pp., $15.95

KILL YOUR ENEMY

S. T. COHEN

This book should not, therefore, be regarded as no more than an argument deployed in a debate, to be judged on whether the argument is thought to be wrong or right. Its high importance lies far more in the disclosure of what Soviet officers are taught and how they think. This window opened into the



armed forces of the Soviet Union is . . . unique of its kind . . . Every serving officer in the Western world should read it, whether he agrees with what he reads or not, and particularly if he does not. All politicians should read it, and so should any member of the public who takes seriously the threat of a third world war and wonders about the makeup and outlook of the armed forces in the free world's main adversary. —*General Sir John Hackett*

Just in case anyone has forgotten, Sir John was the author of *The Third World War*, a best-seller several years back that should have been forgotten by everyone, except maybe the Soviet army, for whom Sir John did the invaluable service of telling them exactly how to lose World War III by deserting their own military principles. But in so lavishly praising this book (in the Foreword), whose "high importance," Sir John says, is in showing us "what Soviet officers are taught and how they think," he appears to have forgotten what he wrote in his own book. As Winston Churchill once admonished: "However absorbed a commander may be in the elaboration of his own thoughts, it is necessary sometimes to take the enemy into consideration." Sir John, a most distinguished British army commander, in writing *The Third World War* seemed to have conveniently ignored the advice of his former Prime Minister, who was practically the only one in Britain to recognize the danger of Hitler's growing *Bundeswehr* and to warn his country of it.

In Hackett's book a highly classified Soviet planning document falls into NATO hands after the war, which the USSR lost. The document explains why the Russians had decided against using their nuclear weapons against NATO before NATO could use its own:

> There will unquestionably be doubts and hesitations in the Alliance over the initiation of nuclear release. Widespread unwillingness to allow the use of battlefield weapons on Federal territory can be counted on in the FRG, for the effect of battlefield weapons there would only differ in degree from that of strategic attack on the home-

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lands of the USSR and U.S.A. The USSR can count at the outset on a high superiority in non-nuclear capability. This would be largely offset if battlefield nuclear weapons were introduced. It would therefore be foolish in the extreme for the USSR to resolve NATO's doubts on their introduction by introducing them first.

So the Russians attack with conventional weapons, only to discover that NATO has succeeded in closing the conventional-force gap, to such a degree that the Soviet attack bogs down, causing so much dissatisfaction in the USSR that the Soviet regime is overthrown and the war lost. If anyone outside the USSR deserves the Order of Lenin today, it has to be Sir John; for, more than anyone else, he has put the Soviets on notice as to how they almost certainly could lose.

As to how the Soviets almost certainly could win World War III, Viktor Suvorov—an alias (the name is borrowed from a famous czarist Russian general) for a Soviet army officer who defected to the West and is under sentence of death in the USSR—tells us about the prevailing Soviet view:

> The philosophy of the Soviet General Staff is . . . "If you want to stay alive, kill your enemy. The quicker you finish him off, the less chance he will have to use his own gun." . . . The theory is known unofficially in the General Staff as the "axe theory." It is stupid, say the Soviet generals, to start a fistfight if your opponent may use a knife. It is just as stupid to attack him with a knife if he may use an axe. The more terrible the weapon which your opponent may use, the more decisively you must attack him, and the more quickly you must finish him off. . . . To put it briefly, you can only prevent your enemy from using his axe if you use your own first.
>
> The "axe theory" was put forward in all Soviet manuals and handbooks to be read at regimental level and higher. In each of these one of the main sections was headed "Evading the Blow." These handbooks advocated, most insistently, the delivery of a massive pre-emptive attack on the enemy, as the best method of self-protection. This recommendation was not confined to secret manuals—non-confidential military publications carried it as well.
>
> In addition to such elementary military logic, there are political and economic reasons which would quite simply compel the Soviet command to make use of the overwhelming proportion of its nuclear armory within the first few minutes of a war.
>
> From the political point of view, the turning point must be reached within the first few minutes. What alternative could there be? In peacetime, Soviet soldiers desert to the West by the hundred, their sailors jump off ships in Western ports, their pilots try to break through the West's anti-aircraft defenses in their aircraft. Even in peacetime, the problems involved in keeping the population in chains are almost insoluble. The problems are already as acute as this when no more than a few thousand of the most trusted Soviet citizens have even a theoretical chance of escaping. In wartime tens of millions of soldiers would have an opportunity to desert—and they would take it! In order to prevent this, every soldier must realize quite clearly that, from the very first moments of a war, there is no sanctuary for him at the other side of the nuclear desert. Otherwise the whole Communist house of cards will collapse.

What Suvorov tells us about the essential Soviet requirement to *win* a war with the West as quickly as possible using nuclear weapons (and every other weapon at their command, including chemical and biological weapons) is by far the most crucial part of his message. He is appalled by the Western blindness to the use of nuclear weapons. He is particularly appalled by the Americans (who hold almost all of the West's nuclear weapons), whom he likens to a modern cowboy who, "working up to a decisive fight, will always expect to begin by spitting at and insulting his opponent and to continue by throwing whisky in his face and chucking custard pies at him before resorting to more serious weapons."

If Suvorov is right in his assessment of the thinking of his former colleagues, may God help us! But then, as the saying goes: The Lord helps those who help themselves. If we are going to survive in the Nuclear Age, we are going to have to begin by understanding the real dangers we face. We might best start by taking Hackett's advice: Read Suvorov's book. □

Panic among the Philistines
By Bryan F. Griffin
Regnery Gateway, 259 pp., $12.95

ONCE WE HAVE HAD ENOUGH

M. E. BRADFORD

According to one construction of the record, the history of modern literature begins with that wicked passage which concludes James Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. There Stephen Dedalus, the hero of the book, puts behind him forever the constraints of family, Ireland, and the Church by praying to Icarus, the type and model for all cultural self-levitation: "Old father, old artificer, stand me now and ever in good stead." In the phrase of Professor Trilling, the purpose of art in our time has been "to liberate the individual from the tyranny of his culture" and, in the place of hearth and rooftree, to lift up "the experience of art projected into the actuality and totality of life as the ideal form of moral life."

There have been, of course, since 1916, any number of important writers, either contemporaries or successors of Dublin's gifted son, who have rejected either his aesthetics or his view of the poet's place in society. One thinks immediately of Eliot and Tate, Ransom and Winters—of all the artists who deflected the impetus of literary modernism with the weapons of irony and the resources of their tradition. They fought a holding action, fortifying "pockets of culture." But on the other side were ranged such powerful figures as Nietzsche and Freud, Gide, Mann, and Sartre. And with them legions who followed after the piping of Joyce's Stephen, swearing in unison their determination to "forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race." After wide distribution and translation into popular terms, this commitment, fed by what Trilling calls "a bitter line of hostility to civilization," became *the* American cultural establishment. Its creed was an inverted Puritanism that set art over against the norms of community, as a kind of heretical church or "alternative reality," and then refused to define what art might be, apart from the rejection of its previous incarnations—in practice, without any standard save novelty, banal and incredibly vulgar.

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Now, according to Bryan Griffin's new book, our patience with that establishment has reached its limit. We have had enough of pretentious counterculture, of "professional narcissists" and the "half-souled progeny of liberty and equality and fraternity." Moreover, those who have presided over this era of solipsism and degradation have some sense that the end is near. And therefore, on the printed page, they cry out to one another in alarm, seeking advice on how and when their audience might be recovered. But the reading and watching public, literate *and* semi-literate, is jaded with the monotony of ritual rebellion and routine wallowing in mire. They will attend its repetition no longer.

Like Elijah of old, who laughed at the priests of Baal, Mr. Griffin enjoys the spectacle of judgment well deserved. And therefore *Panic among the Philistines* is a kind of satire, a modern-day "battle of the books": "between those who would obey the commands of the human spirit and those who would still that spirit." As to what will happen next, Griffin has a hopeful expectation, grounded in his analysis of the dark time now coming to its end. Though he is a young man, his voice carries authority. "They made a jungle," he writes, "and called it fair." He will not suffer their lie, but argues from a sampling of their own handiwork an opposite conclusion.

The literary genealogy of *Panic among the Philistines* is exceptional for a book published in 1983. Its formal prototypes are the jeremiads of the Victorian prose prophets. Another species of Philistines is the adversary in Matthew Arnold's *Culture and Anarchy*. Apocalyptic prophecy is a staple technique in Carlyle's *Shooting Niagara*. Griffin quotes with regularity from both of these great Victorians, and also from John Ruskin and Thomas Hughes (*Tom Brown's School Days*). And he uses them to good effect.

To counter the oligopoly of *The New York Times Book Review*, *The New York Review of Books*, and the standard set of Northeastern reviewers, the Right has long been in need of a high-level cultural journalism of its own: a journalism that confronts the enemy where he is most thoroughly entrenched. Griffin may well be the best man for this job, and the Victorians are proper models for his emulation. He takes us over a familiar literary landscape, puts the parts of it in perspective, and prevents us from taking it for granted with a reportage guaranteed to raise our choler. A light touch

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will not do in discussing the composite cultural impact of the favorite novelists of the now moribund literary establishment: Styron, Updike, Clemons, Vidal, Mailer, Doctorow, Kosinski, Oates, and their ilk. Public spirit in the cultural historian requires a larger severity.

Much of Griffin's attention focuses on the course followed as "an entire class of self-proclaimed artists and thinkers" worked their way through to a kind of "artistic minimalism" that respects nothing but vulgarity: a nadir that "leads to intellectual hysteria" and may "smother the cultural and sometimes the physical life of civilization." Concerning their motives, Griffin is most perceptive. These "minimalists" who dissipated the natural authority of artist and critic are now "something to be pushed back beneath the rock." They were all peculiarly infected with "envy, greed, and despair: three virulent fevers that [have] haunted the democratic centuries every step of the way." By "listening to our souls," returning up the path of history to the point where we turned toward aberration (*circa* 1917, in his calendar), we must and will, he is convinced, fight our way free of the nightmare and recognize again that "art is a perfection of nature."

But after so much darkness it will not be easy to lift the heart once more. For the diseases that brought on our difficulty are still in wide circulation—and must themselves be vanquished before the air is clear enough for song. □

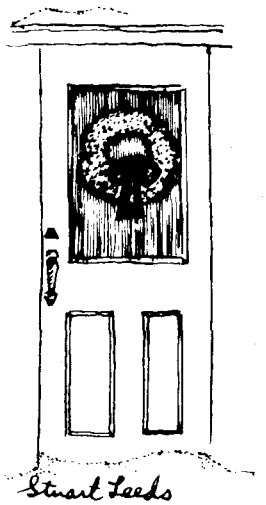
DELECTATIONS

HOW TO EAT A BOOK

NIKA HAZELTON

With Christmas money floating around —combined with the desire to give or to get new cookbooks, especially heavily promoted ones—a word of warning: If the recipes don't work, you can't return the book as you can other faulty merchandise. You may be mad as hell at the perpetrator of the book on whose recipes you have wasted time and ingredients, but you are stuck with it nevertheless. Which brings up the question: How do you recognize a cookbook that will work for you? The answer depends on a variety of personal factors.

First, you've got to figure out what level of cookbook you need. If you think that "wash the lettuce" means soaping it with a cloth, then you need a very simple book where every step is outlined for somebody who has never come near a stove before. Look at standard cookbooks for information on basic as well as on more difficult techniques, and basic (not advanced) information on foods, nutrition, and freezing; also for recipes for basic eating, with a few more festive (but easy) ones thrown in.



The recipes (and for that matter every recipe written, no matter what the level) should be specific about the shape and size of the pan, cooking time, whether to cook with or without a cover, and the degree of heat, as well as quantities of ingredients—one medium or one large onion, rather than just one onion. The size, shape, and composition of the pan are very important, because the shape and capacity will determine, for example, the amount of liquid needed to cover solids such as stew meat (and thus affect the flavor of their sauces), and the shape and the material the pan is made of will affect the rate at which food cooks.

You should also be told what to expect in texture and looks, as well as flavor, when the dish is not totally familiar. An instruction to cook something over medium heat for five minutes should be followed by a description of what the dish should look like at that time—whether the onions will be soft or still fairly crisp, white, golden, or lightly browned, et cetera. The same goes for cold dishes: If you chill a gelatin, should it be stiff, or like pancake batter, or like egg white? The more specific (albeit boring for the initiated), the better a standard cookbook. Such a book need not, however, provide medical diets or information—if you have to live on a special diet for, say, a heart condition or diabetes, you had better get a book written by specialists and introduced by respectable medical men.

Next decide what you want the book *for*. Do you have in mind a cookbook for everyday meals, or perhaps one on barbecuing or boat cookery? Such books should give the specifics that are presumably what you bought them for: How should the coals look and what should they consist of: mesquite? hickory wood? What can be easily cooked during a storm? What supplies are likely to be available on the boat? What kind of fuel works best? Regional books should tell something of the provenance of a recipe, and whether it has local variations or requires special regional ingredients. "Personality" cookbooks should do the same, perhaps offering an anecdote about the person who gives the recipe and how he or she serves it. Books on entertaining should be most specific in every detail, beginning with when to plan; what is feasible in one's household (will you have waiters? cooks? bartenders?); how many people to invite; and how not to panic. Exotic cookbooks must tell you what to expect in flavors and textures, since otherwise you might find yourself with an uneaten dinner for 12 after shopping for the Indian foods in remote parts of your town—in complete ignorance, however, of how the spices would combine in flavor. (This, by the way, once happened to me.) Foreign cookbooks, in general, should be perused very carefully. The main thing to look for is authenticity and background information. Books should preferably not adapt foreign recipes "for the American kitchen." If they do, they should say so, and state clearly where and why.

It is a pity that cookbook buying is so full of pitfalls, but many of those can be avoided. Before buying a cookbook, especially on an unfamiliar subject and by an unfamiliar author, make a detailed list of the things you want from the book and check to see how many of them are there. This way, you are not likely to be stuck with merchandise that is expensive (cookbooks are priced nowadays at better than $20), and can't be returned like a poorly made toaster. Authors and publishers are in business to make money, and, alas, some don't care how they do it. For example, as a cookbook author I know that recipes of mine will turn up later in unexpected books, but what I resent is when they turn up with mistakes that have somehow crept in along the way. At the very least the recipes could have been retested and corrected. □

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TRAVEL

AZOREAN INTERLUDE

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

It's not all that easy to charter a boat in the Azores, the four-hundred-mile-long string of volcanic islands that lies in the Atlantic eight hundred miles west of Portugal and two thousand miles east of the States. Harbors are few—the island of Graciosa has none—and the hundreds of yachtsmen who put into those harbors every year are men in a hurry to complete their transatlantic sail. But you can catch an occasional charter, and if you are so lucky as to catch the schooner *Scarlett O'Hara*, as we did, you are in for a rollicking good time. David Cadogan, its skipper, is a' tall, blond young Englishman with an engaging manner, a marvelous sense of the ridiculous, and a quiet professionalism that is reassuring to the fainter of heart.

We are met at the airport in Terceira by the skipper, a fluttering of genial U.S. Air Force officers from the local base, and Mr. da Silva of the Tourist Office, who comes laden with good will and great sacks of gifts (local embroidery and pottery) and some handsome and useful guide books.

Penny, the cook, and Carl, the cocky, attractive young ex-Royal Navy seaman who is David's mate, show us our cabins. My brother Bill, his wife, Pat, and their mounds of luggage each take one; Christopher Little and his wife, Betsey, and I manage to fit into the remaining two. (Christopher collaborated with Bill on *Atlantic High*, and they are on assignment now for *Signature* magazine.) Penny brews tea while Carl and David carry the luggage aboard. We change, make the more or less perilous trip back across the two U.S. Army tenders to which we are tied up and into the arms of Mr. da Silva and Captain Dart Demaree, who will drive us around Terceira, one of the five central Azorean islands, this afternoon. (It is not known whether Portuguese sailors first came ashore on the Azores in 1427 or 1431, George Sand having carelessly spilled ink on the relevant document a century or so back.)

Terceira is beautiful, green and hilly, the fields divided by high walls of black lava rock into tiny plots of land. Cows and steers graze in the vest-pocket pastures. Men riding side-saddle on burros or small horses carry milk to the cooperatives in metal containers slung on either side of the animal. High-wheeled farm carts rumble slowly along the narrow roads behind yoked pairs of oxen. The pace is, well, leisurely. I never saw an Azorean, man, woman, or child, run. The small, squarish houses with their orange-brown tile roofs are mostly whitewashed—the windows and door frames blue or green or red—but some are pastel. The houses are built in much the same way as the fences—rock piled on rock, without benefit of mortar or cement, and then stuccoed over—which is why when a great earthquake rocked Angra, Terceira's capital, on New Year's Day, 1980, so many of them crumbled inward, killing more than sixty people and leaving a large part of the city in ruins.

We come to a narrow inlet near Angra. Here in the sixteenth century invading Spaniards were routed by an embattled Angran Amazon who stampeded a herd of cattle onto the beach below us, toppling the Spaniards in their heavy armor. As many as a thousand of them were drowned, according to some reports. This gained for Angra the name Angra do Heroísmo. (Another story, less romantic, is that Angra received the appellation for supporting the winning side in a Portuguese dynastic struggle.)

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Our sail to the island of Faial, which lies sixty-odd miles west of Terceira, is passing rough and takes about 12 hours. We sail close-hauled at a brisk eight or nine knots, the seas are choppy—very choppy—and some of us are sicker than others. We are greeted at the dock in Horta by Mr. Gazpar, of the Tourist Office, and all is at once right with the world. Any world that contains a Mr. Gazpar is A-OK.

Our first stop next morning—Mr. Gazpar arrives at a reasonable hour with two taxis and more reading matter—is to visit Othon, the most famous local scrimshandler (maker of scrimshaw). Bill and Christopher had met him on their previous trip. Othon is hospitality itself, a roundish, slightly balding man who speaks fluent English and can do several things at once, such as, in his tiny basement workroom/radio shack, speak to a ham operator in Maine, advise us where to have lunch, and make the reservation for us, all the while etching a four-masted schooner on a scrimshaw pendant, which he presents to Pat. He will see that Betsey and I also get one later that day.

THE WINDS are blowing hard as we drive out of Horta, and on the hilltop a windmill is turning at a great rate. An old man tethers his burro and climbs the homemade ladder to the miller's chamber ten or 12 feet up, a bag of corn over his shoulder. We follow him up and see the corn ground into corn meal. The wind whistles lustily, and the wings turning at a great clip so close to our heads drown out all other sounds. The old man rejoins the burro and pauses, obligingly, for Christopher to take his picture. The word "obliging" can be applied to every Azorean we have met, or will meet.

São Miguel, one of the two southeasterly flanking islands of the Azores (Santa Maria is the other), may be the best of all. It is the largest, the most populous, and Ponta Delgada, its capital, is a sizable town by Azorean standards. With the temperature ranging from 40 to 80° F., just about everything grows here: pineapples, oranges, lemons, bananas, grapes, tobacco, tea, corn. The grass grows 12 months a year. Now, in mid-October, pumpkins and gourds are set out to dry on the roofs. Today must be National Corn-Husking Day. Corn husks spill carelessly from porches, down front yards into the main road, and men, women, and children sit on stools or cross-legged on the ground chatting, laughing, gossiping, even, occasionally, husking. The largest agricultural industry here, as more and more elsewhere in the Azores, is dairy and beef cattle. In our jolting, eight-passenger van we bump our way upward through pastures and small towns on narrow, mostly paved roads bordered by heavy hydrangea hedges. Though the season is well on, some hardy late-bloomers lend splotches of rose and blue and white to the ever-present green; it must be breathtaking in summer. The dark checkerboard stone walls we saw in Terceira and Faial are replaced here by hedgerows of hydrangeas.

We're at two thousand feet by Bill's altimeter when we come to a lookout. The ground falls away sharply at our feet, as if cut by a knife. We are standing on the rim of an ancient crater nine miles in circumference. Way below us are the twin blue and green crater lakes of the Sete Citades (Seven Cities), one of the many legendary capitals of the lost Atlantis. Today, to be perfectly truthful, both lakes look blue. A finger-like peninsula extends out into the bluer lake, and the whole cradles a toy white-washed village and its small white-and-black square-towered chapel set in an alley of pines. We stand there a long time in the cold brisk wind, drinking it in. A great new hotel rises behind us, unfinished for reasons that no one seems to know.

Then it is on to the Cabalho Blanco, a mountain restaurant not too far away (well, it wouldn't have been if we hadn't gotten lost), where we are instantly restored to good humor by the graciousness of the hostess, the copiousness of the wine, and the wonder of the food, country fare of corn bread, black beans and sausage, roast pork, spareribs. (We admire the corn bread so extravagantly that we find a loaf waiting for us the next morning as we check out of the hotel. That's the kind of thing that happens repeatedly in the Azores.)

But time is running out. We fly the hundred miles to Terceira to rejoin the *Scarlett* and sail out that afternoon for São Jorge, past Pico, with its astonishing 7,700-foot peak cutting a dark, cloud-shrouded swath in the empty sky that mariners look for when approaching these mid-Atlantic islands after a thousand or two thousand miles of open water. Today's is the kind of sail you dream about. The wind is right, the sun shines, we hit nine knots and better (the boat is stable). Dozens of dolphins find our pulsing red keel delectable and whoop and holler around us, leaping in the air, twisting, turning, darting, diving, clearing the hull by inches. Forty-five minutes later, as suddenly as they joined us, they are gone.

THERE IS space for just one boat to tie up to the seawall in Velas, São Jorge's minuscule capital, and we get it. After a Penny dinner—the things that woman can do to desserts, our scales will record next week—we take a stroll through town and buy tomorrow's lunch from a fisherman who has just pulled in. A genial gentleman who speaks only Portuguese presents himself the next morning with two cars—Mr. da Silva has been busy again—and tailors his usual three-and-a-half-hour tour of the island to our available ninety minutes, which tour will include a visit to a cheese factory where the owner thinks nothing of cutting open a 12-kilo (26-pound) cheese to give us a taste. We had thought São Miguel the most beautiful of the Azores, but São Jorge, a long sausage of an island with a rib of hills running down the center, its peaceful green pastures in sharp contrast to the sheer cliffs against which the waves thud and collapse in frothy white surrender, is hard to beat.

Another sail, the last, back to Terceira, the final gala dinner with the crew, and it's time to say our farewells, and thanks, to David, Penny, and Carl, time to abandon ship. The *Scarlett O'Hara*'s next landfall will be Antigua, 18 days later. Ours is JFK. □

The GIMLET EYE

ANOREXIA NERVOSA

D. KEITH MANO

Women have been possessed. In the form of a witch from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century. As a hysteric in the eighteenth and nineteenth. And, I think, as anorexics now. In the last century tuberculosis was the major disease—and hysteria is that kind of breathing problem: suffocation, hyperventilation. And today it's cancer: the anorexic seems to fit with cancer. Hilde Bruch has been studying anorexia for forty years. In her 1973 book she says it's a very rare eat-

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ing disorder: she saw three to ten cases a year. By her 1978 book, The Golden Cage, *it had become an epidemic.*

—Angelyn Spignesi, in a C. G. Jung Foundation Lecture, Oct. 27

Even our skeletons are coming out of the closet now. Women, often young, made rib-gaunt, beaten to weird repetitive hyperactivity by a secret Dr. Mengele that is housed in their own death-camp soul. I think, of late, we must all know one at some remove or another. For instance that girl who used to play with my elder son: they've been force-feeding her on and off in a hospital for three years now, I hear. I hear but don't understand. Anorexia nervosa is a state-of-the-art illness—so preposterous, so theatrical, so *contrary* that it dazzles. And the conniving anorexic has just this reaction in mind. Your response, your audience participation and shock are required: I don't think anorexia could flourish solo—it is, in that sense, a very social disease. They are stick-figure haggard to repudiate you and me. Disciplined to confute our laziness. And 10 per cent will die: a final snigger at commonplace living. "In the last century the hysteric carried Freud to the psyche." And Dr. Spignesi thinks "anorexia may be our twentieth-century carrier."

The anorexic is molting: femaleness in her along with all mature, reproductive sexuality has come off. Menstruation, given such a bankrupt diet, cannot occur. Breasts deflate: and the sensual buttock will become a sad candledrip. She has gone back to some prepubic self: and often that self was dependent on a discouraged, goalless mother. "Why so many now? I've had this fixation on the 1950s and Donna Reed and Harriet Nelson: on the anorexic's identification with literal matter and earth and the carnal world of food, body reproduction. She's angry. The feminist revolution is one part of that. Our relation to food is another."

Anorexia ("lack of desire") couldn't be more unsuitably named. In fact these women are food-heads: they hallucinate bread, meat, one M&M. They become compulsive shoppers, cooks, feeders of the family. Life is a tough teething ring: without nourishment. They are highly motivated, but they have no substantial motive. So what starts as some rocket-sled diet turns into an obsession. With it comes arrogance: they, after all, can choke-chain, control the animal body. They will swim, walk, sit-up, and knee-bend for half a day. And always—even when they'd make Gandhi seem like Dom De Luise—they see fat. (Testing has shown that they also begin to misjudge space and time.) I don't wonder: TV and Calvin Klein advertising regularly misrepresent our ideal self by a dress size or two. For sure Jane Fonda knows where the Angst button is: Vietnam in 1975, cellulite in 1982.

The therapeutic problems make for strange chamber music. Just try to counsel some 65- to 70-pound, self-superior young girl whose nutrition level, anyway, is so poor she has begun imagining that your head might be a giant pfeffernüsse. (Bulimia—one variation on an-

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orexia—takes treatment better. Here the subject will gorge herself, then vomit almost orgasmically. Bulimics eat their cake and, uck, have it as well. But at least they're more amenable to nourishment.) For the veteran anorexic food is, simply, *alive*. Eat me, it says. And at the same time another voice, invariably male and tyrannical, will say, "Don't eat, don't eat." Food is poisonous. In the stomach it chews you. And it won't metabolize: a Big Mac remains one burgerish, palpable lump. The therapist could get frustrated. "Even now, after all this work," Dr. Spignesi has said, "when a skeletal anorexic comes into the room, my first impulse is to say, 'Eat.' "

FASTING, remember, can be seductive. The ear and eye become sharper. Ex-anorexics miss the flashgun superacuity. Miss, too, a heightened "spiritual" aptitude: one that they associate, apparently, with maleness. "Men are given the right to disconnect the human from life—wounding, butchering, raping, preaching, elevating us, revering, analyzing death and the mysterious realms of the soul." Note that only one anorexic in twenty is male. I pose Dr. Spignesi a ticklish question (the implications make me uncomfortable): Would she consider a heroic abstainer like St. Anthony of the Desert to be anorexic? "I wonder. I don't know enough. I do work with nuns, though. Anorexia could be used in a positive spiritual sense, I suppose." One school of history, for instance, has felt that the large incidence of mystical fervor in medieval times was due more to malnutrition than to divine lobbying. Jesus and St. Paul weren't particularly interested in athletic starvation. (Indeed the New Testament seldom refers to fasting as ascetic practice.) Yet, before Jordache and Diet Pepsi, the image had been established: skinniness is next to saintliness, fat monks are hypocritical.

Yet monastic self-mortification had at least an ostensible purpose: to achieve higher communion by evacuating the distractive body. In our anorexic age there is spirituality with little Spirit. Discipline and rigorous effort to no explainable end. (Jogging, never mind the marathon craze, Dr. Spignesi suggests, may be nothing more than controlled anorexia.) You can easily sympathize with women. Reproduction, motherhood are now less fashionable than social-realist painting. The housewife role went out with my draft board. Our fat affluence, even in recession, is an embarrassment. And so you have this creepshow epidemic of self-deniers: women who starve themselves because, God protect them, that is the only thing left that they can be fulfilled by and do well. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE SAGA OF ERIK THE VIKING, *by Terry Jones (Schocken, 144 pp., $15.95).* The English-reading world owes an incalculable debt to the daughter of Terry Jones. It was to entertain her that Mr. Jones, a member of the Monty Python crew, spun this magnificent tale about Erik the Viking and his quest for the land where the sun goes at night. What other adventurer has faced such terrors as the Enchantress of the Fjord, the Sea Dragon, the Old Man of the Sea, the Great Bird, the Viper Rain, not to mention a chess match with Death itself? But what other adventurer has had such stalwart companions as Thorkild, Sven the Strong, and Ragnar Forkbeard? What awesome men. What spellbinding stories. (And what illustrations by Michael Foreman.) If you need an excuse to buy *The Saga of Erik the Viking*, hunt around for children between the ages of five and 12 and give it to them for Christmas—on the condition that you be granted the enviable thrill of reading it to them. KEVIN LYNCH

CHILDREN WITHOUT CHILDHOOD, *by Marie Winn (Pantheon, 224 pp., $13.95).* "As I watched children growing up in the 1970s," writes Marie Winn, "it struck me that something was fundamentally different about them—their everyday demeanor, their language, the things they knew and openly talked about. . . . Once parents struggled to preserve children's innocence, to keep childhood a carefree golden age, and to shelter children from life's vicissitudes. The new era operates on the belief that children must be exposed early to adult experience in order to survive in an increasingly complex and uncontrollable world." No surprises here, of course; the Brooke Shields syndrome ranks somewhere between AIDS and high tech on pop sociology's ten-most-wanted-topics list. But Marie Winn is no Alvin Toffler. She has gone to a great deal of trouble to get the facts and understand their meaning, her prose style is intelligent and unadorned, and her conclusion deviates daringly from the rancid orthodoxies of liberation that dominate current thinking on virtually everything nowadays: "Whether children were precocious or innocent . . . had more to do with whether the parents were divorced and whether they both worked full-time than with any other variable." To be sure, Miss Winn does not *quite* have the courage of her convictions: She still, for instance, regards opposition to the Women's Lib movement as "unrealistic" and "retrogressive." (You won't find George Gilder in the index to *Children without Childhood.*) Even so, she has asked all the right questions and come up with a lot of the right answers. Not bad for a regular contributor to *The New York Times Magazine.*

TERRY TEACHOUT

THE NEW ALCHEMISTS, *by Dirk Hanson (Little, Brown, 364 pp., $16.50).* This book is subtitled "Silicon Valley and the Microelectronics Revolution," and, for once, the word "revolution" is not an exaggeration. In the last quarter-century, the silicon chip—the kernel of microelectronics—has set the civilized world on a new (and virtually unexpected) tangent. It is eliminating devices we thought would always be with us, such as the mechanical calculator, the vacuum tube, and even the venerable slide rule, and is fast making the typewriter an endangered species. Small has truly become a way of life, but not in the way Schumacher imagined. This immensely readable book is not only a technological history (going back to the days of those lively but disparate geniuses Edison and Tesla) but a business and financial history as well. The

(Continues on page 1631)

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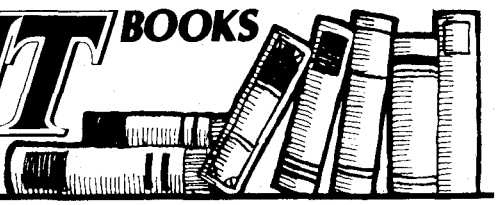

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

It is always interesting to see where some people's imaginations leave off and others' begin. Take, for instance, the moral and artistic seers at ABC-TV, which is so proud of itself just now for the public service it rendered Spaceship Earth a couple of weeks ago by broadcasting a Grade B horror movie called *The Day After*. For them nuclear holocaust is, imaginatively speaking, the *ne plus ultra*: They are unable to imagine an evil beyond the vision of scorched Americans roaming the cornfields of Missouri and Kansas with their clothes in rags and their hair coming out. So it would be vain to ask for a sequel—called, let's say, *The Day after the Day After* and showing Soviet paratroopers descending on Dallas and San Francisco, Soviet tanks rolling through the streets of Boston, county commissioners from Maine to Wyoming purged and replaced by KGB officers, and the boxcars starting their long roll north to the gulags of Alaska, initiating the indefinite era of Cattlecar Earth. *Who Is for Peace?* (Thomas Nelson, Nashville, Tenn.; paper, $3.95), by Francis Schaeffer, Vladimir Bukovsky, and James Hitchcock, is a small volume consisting of three articles whose authors wish us to consider dangers beyond nuclear annihilation.

With "The Peace Movement and the Soviet Union," Bukovsky is rather the odd man out, his article being essentially a *cui bono* examination of the freeze-and-disarmament lobby in the West; appearing originally in *Commentary*, it has also been previously and separately published as a booklet in its own right and reviewed in this space (Aug. 19). Bukovsky appears here bracketed by Schaeffer—the author, theologian, and evangelical Protestant—and Hitchcock—the Catholic scholar and social critic—speaking directly to the claims of their liberal fellow Christians in the West who believe that nuclear weaponry has made future wars under any circumstance immoral and unjustifiable.

In "The Secular Humanist World View versus the Christian World View and Biblical Perspectives on Military Preparedness," Schaeffer chastises the romantic, or utopian, heresy:

> Liberalism does not agree with the biblical stress on the fallen nature of this world. One can also understand the "pacifism" of the "peace churches": They have always taken Christ's command to individuals to turn the other cheek and misguidedly extended it to the state. They ignore the God-given responsibility of the state to protect its people and stand for justice in a fallen world. . . . We never have the luxury of acting in a merely utopian way. Utopian schemes in this fallen world have always brought tragedy. The Bible is never utopian.

Schaeffer in fact extends his argument that it is the chief duty of the state to protect its citizens to argue that to ignore the fate of peoples in other countries suffering the oppression of tyranny is to abjure the Christian injunction to love thy neighbor as thyself.

Hitchcock, in "The Catholic Bishops' Search for Peace," subjects the pastoral letter on war and peace, issued last spring, to rigorous scrutiny. After exposing the intellectual weaknesses of this curious document and finding the whole devoid of "a profoundly Christian spirit" ("Peace is understood as the absence of war, and the steps toward its achievement are not very different from those a secular humanist might urge"), he concludes that the letter "marks the culmination of a kind of revolution in American Catholicism." This, he suggests, is the reason why the American liberal community embraced it so warmly. Mary McGrory, for example, was delighted to observe that a bishop who suggested that sin is a greater evil than nuclear destruction was "a lone voice"; similarly, when during the debates Archbishop Oscar Lipscomb of Mobile reminded his colleagues that "We speak of preservation of the planet as almost an absolute . . . [seeking] the eternal life of the human species—which is not the heart of biblical teaching," his words were studiously—and, I like to think, uncomfortably—ignored. □

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BRIEFS

(Continued from page 1628)

author, Dirk Hanson, shuffles the two decks together very neatly. Silicon Valley—forty miles south of San Francisco and just around the corner from tomorrow—is to high tech what Florence was to the Renaissance: not only where the action and ideas are, but where the wealth is created. As Hanson says, "The new alchemists, in the process of transmuting silicon into digitized information, are effecting social changes as profound as those which followed the discovery of the wheel, the steam engine, and the automobile." Hanson is a journalist and is able to tell this highly complicated story very clearly. This is doubly important since we are smack in the middle of this ongoing revolution. It will be a long, long time before anybody writes a retrospective history of microminiaturization. By this token, the last chapter of *The New Alchemists*, "Toward a Silicon Future," contains the most food for thought. There is scarcely an area of human endeavor that will not be profoundly affected by microelectronics. For example, it may well prove to be a Catch-22 for Marxist dictatorships. In order to keep pace with the West, the Communists must go with microprocessing—which by definition opens up channels of communication that the state cannot always control or monitor. And a dictatorship cannot last when access to information is freely available. Five hundred years ago, Herr Gutenberg printed pages using movable type—and the world was never the same afterward. What kind of solar system (thanks to microelectronics, the term "world" is too limiting) lies ahead? JACK D. KIRWAN

MONIMBO, *by Robert Moss and Arnaud de Borchgrave (Simon & Schuster, 384 pp., $15.95).* Three years ago, Fidel Castro convened a meeting of his top intelligence advisors in the small Nicaraguan town of Monimbo. The topic under consideration was how a coordinated terrorist attack might be launched against the U.S. that would paralyze public utilities and produce such general havoc as to bring this nation to its knees. Using that information as their starting point, Robert Moss and Arnaud de Borchgrave have produced another compelling novel that treads a fine line between fact and fiction. *Monimbo* details the Cuban involvement in international terrorism and drug trafficking—the existence of which has been documented by the media and in government reports. The gripping narrative follows protagonist Robert Hockney, whom readers will remember from *The Spike*, as he slowly discovers that the murder of a U.S. senator in Puerto Rico is related to outbursts of violence scheduled for the major metropolitan centers of the United States. His odyssey takes him through the teeming slums of Miami and the drug underworld as well as to the power centers of Washington, New York, and Havana as he tries to head off Castro's master plan to destroy the United States. The authors, according to a KGB defector, have come much closer to the truth than most people might imagine. This, in itself, is reason enough to read the book. ALAN L. MILLER

WAGNER

(Continued from page 1613)

and totally trashed, and I looked at its ruins with some satisfaction; the buildings beside it were unharmed. Egmont Harbour, where the Cubans were constructing a submarine facility, was sending up some serious ack-ack fire, but it was taken out in seconds by A-7s, completely pulverized. And it all seems to have happened just in time. The DGI (Cuban intelligence) men in the house opposite ours ran for it, leaving a bonanza of documents behind. Among these were proposed ration cards for all Grenadians and a plan to slice off the whole Point Salines peninsula as a military base. What will the *New York Times* or the *Washington Post* make of that, I wonder?

Old Glory

Fat-bellied Hercules transports line the strip both here and in Barbados. Colossal crumps shake the island as the Russian arms dumps are detonated. I got to see one of these before it went up, and seeing is very different from reading about them. I understand that seeing them changed the minds of some congressmen, who arrived deploring the invasion but returned to Washington convinced that it had been necessary. Black Hawk and Huey choppers are chattering away overhead as I write. The occasional F-14 from one of the ships screams past, and no sound was ever sweeter. Old Glory flutters from the hilltop opposite where the Cubans planted their own flag some four years ago, and some Marine, I'm glad to say, has cleaned our hillside of the stones spelling out SIEMPRE ES 26, a slogan of the Grenadian revolution. It is great news, there is a new feeling about in the island, but as an intelligence colonel said to me the other night, "We need more than sixty days to do the job."

Still, it's good to be home—home in Grenada—for Christmas. □

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Scoop!

On The Right

New York, Nov. 18—The people at ABC are on to one hell of a story. It is that nuclear war results in quite awful things. You know, like death, pestilence, hunger, pain, desolation, and skin blisters. That is the whole of the story in the documentary coming up next Sunday, and if you have ever doubted that nuclear war is awful, be sure to tune in. There is also a surprise ending: It tells you on the screen that probably nuclear war will be worse than as depicted by ABC. It remains only to be added that if nuclear war happens, its sponsors will be the kind of people responsible for this documentary.

The producers at ABC have gone to great pains to insist that it is not a "political" document. They are saying what the situation theatrically demands, but the sheer humbuggery of it is really too much. It is as if Nancy Reagan went into the polling booth a year from now and announced that she had not made up her mind whom to vote for. Why do they go through such motions of alleged impartiality?

But such motions they have fastidiously gone through. In the version of the docudrama generally released for preview, one heard a sentence on the radio news. It said something like, "The crisis in U.S.-Soviet relations grew out of the U.S. insistence on deploying the cruise and Pershing missiles . . ." I say it "said" that because the lines have been eliminated. Look how we can be nonpolitical, Ma! No hands!

Such wasted motion. At the very end of a long story on the controversy, published last Sunday in the *New York Times*, the whole show is simply given away by the writer of the script of *The Day After*, Mr. Edward Hume. I quote: "Although Mr. Stoddard [the principal producer of the drama] was determined to avoid any explicit political statements, Mr. Hume acknowledges that the film cannot entirely avoid a political interpretation: 'I would like to see people starting to question the value of defending this country with a nuclear arsenal. What troubles me is that there's no dialogue on the subject. I hope this film will wrench the dialogue back to the surface. To that extent, it is a political film.' "

It's all right there. The idea is to question "the value of defending this country with a nuclear arsenal." That is a call to unilateralism in one syllable, assuming the word were as compressible as the analytical powers of the producers of *The Day After*. What it says is quite simply: It is wrong to own nuclear bombs. Because if we own them, the Soviets might want to blow them up, and to do so, they would aim nuclear bombs at us. It is not true that there has been no dialogue over unilateral surrender. But it has been, up until now, largely the property of Jane Fonda and others who reside in the fever swamps where junk thought grows.

Here is an idea for a follow-up on *The Day After*. ABC might call it *The Day After, II*. It should describe the life of citizens of Lawrence, Kansas, the day after we surrendered to the Soviet Union, which is exactly what we would do if it alone had atom bombs, which is exactly what Japan did when we alone had atom bombs. It might make instructive reading to have a look at James Michener's description of what the Nazis did the day after they took over Poland. The first thing would be the execution of anybody who was ever active in defense of free speech or, actually, active in behalf of any public policy. This would include the Jane Fonda-ABC set, and that is too bad, because death is much more pleasant than life in greater Gulag.

Do you want to see a movie as gruesome as *The Day After*? Go see *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*. That is what happens to the tens of millions who did not have a nuclear arsenal with which to say no to the Soviet beast.

If only these people would sit up and realize that it is precisely the existence of our nuclear arsenal that prevents such a situation as is depicted in the ABC drama. And remember this: A full-scale nuclear war would mean about one hundred million Americans dead. Those hundred million are going to die one of these days without nuclear anaesthetic, and they will in almost every case die more painfully. They should, then, live more joyously; which means they must have the courage to do two things: preserve their liberty, and keep the nuclear peace. Providentially, these two things happen simultaneously, inseparably. □

Sax, *Weekend* Rothco

"They're on to us, Boris! The CIA left us a Christmas card."

THE DAY AFTER

New York, Nov. 21—The day after *The Day After* is most welcome. Two things, about which up until Sunday night there was only informed speculation, are now absolutely established. The first is that the movie itself was a profound bore, empty of engaging narrative and fatally marred by its lack of analytical rigor. The second is that whatever was on the mind of the impresarios over at ABC, the movie became a political operation.

On the first point, a little indulgence is in order for two reasons. The first is that the script originally ran for four hours. Reducing it to a little over two hours was in part an act of euthanasia, but no doubt caused turmoil in that the viewer was left with characters unaccounted for, and characters undeveloped. Viewed as a whole, it is hard to have an interesting two-hour picture about a stranger's death by cancer. You quickly get the idea that things are getting worse, that no relief is in sight, and that there is a general helplessness written into the situation.

This last point extends the metaphor, because *The Day After* is a protest against a situation over which the public has absolutely no control. In this sense it is exactly like contracting terminal cancer. What can we do about it? What can we do about the Soviet Union's mad race to pile weapon upon nuclear weapon in an arsenal already groaning with apocalyptic power? The answer to that question is we

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can do nothing at all until the Soviet Union decides to change its course. We have no way of knowing when this will happen, even as we have no way of knowing when science will come up with a cure for cancer. Meanwhile all we can do is play the odds, and these amount to our resolution to protect and develop our nuclear arsenal in such a way as to guarantee the Soviet Union that any massive assault on us would result in a counterassault on the Soviet Union. That is too simple to write a whole movie about.

That it was a political operation is everywhere plain. A half-dozen national organizations were ready with advertising copy attempting to enlist recruits for their junk thought. (Not since the Flat Earth Society has there been any movement as silly as the Nuclear Freeze Movement.) Every member of parliament in West Germany was invited to see the film, and, as we know, the Social Democrats reversed their former leader, Helmut Schmidt, in protesting the deployment of the U.S. Pershing and cruise missiles he had solicited when chancellor. Europe is aflame with pacifism. If *All Quiet on the Western Front* led to the pre-eminence of Hitler in Europe, *The Day After* qualifies to lead to the pre-eminence of the Soviet Union in Europe.

ABC is said to have lost lots of money on this venture. High production costs are cited. What was the budget, one wonders, for putting brochures in the churches last Sunday? Mine is eight pages—a "viewer's guide." The brochure, advertising that the film would be shown that night, is chockfull of text about nuclear war, which includes "Before-Viewing Exercises." Here you are asked to complete various sentences. For instance (#3) "Complete this sentence. Whenever I try to talk about my feelings on nuclear war, what usually happens is—" An appropriate answer would be: "People tell me to shut up, because what is there to say about nuclear war? Or bubonic plague?" And (#8) "My greatest fear about the Nuclear Age is—" Obvious answer: "That we will become so hysterical we will cease to see that the only way to avoid nuclear war is to cherish our nuclear arsenal."

AND THEN, ABC brochure in hand, driving back home, I turn on the radio: "Dr. [What's-his-name], the renowned psychiatrist, has advised viewers of *The Day After* tonight not to hold back their tears when they see the movie. He says that tears 'are to express grief, and to hold them back is unhealthy.' " I felt no impulse to cry over the fate of Jason Robards and the merry professional company that put together this synthetic horror story. While wondering how many of the lachrymose set out there are shedding tears for the people who aren't being paid and don't need to pretend to be tortured by Soviet malevolence. They are a cast not of thousands, but of millions, and they are spread out over 11 time zones, from the Ukraine to Siberia. □

ON MOYNIHAN AND TREATIES

New York, Nov. 14—In the fortnight and more since we moved into Grenada, most of the Democratic politicos who began by denouncing the operation have scrambled for cover. About the majority of these we need not concern ourselves beyond lamenting workaday hypocrisy.

What is interesting isn't a Tip O'Neill doing what one would expect Tip O'Neill to do when he reads the newspaper and finds that 85 per cent of the American people endorse the Grenada operation. That is so-what stuff. But when Daniel Patrick Moynihan becomes publicly troubled with his initial public denunciations of Reagan, there you have something that is intellectually interesting.

"On the Monday evening before the Tuesday morning [of the Grenada invasion]," he writes to me, "I was addressing a dinner given at the Smithsonian on the occasion of the 15th anniversary of the founding of the Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars. Note handed in: The Deputy Director of the CIA must see you urgently. An hour or so later, having been briefed on the pending invasion, I pointed out patiently that if our object was simply to rescue students, we might well have a case under international law. But if it went beyond that, it would be a clear violation of Article 18 of the charter of the OAS."

Patrick Moynihan is among the half-dozen brightest men who have ever sat in the Senate, and for that reason it is worth everybody's time—assuming his character is not the unvaultable problem—to wrestle with his mind, hard, clean, and exhaustively. The key point here is that the kinds of legal objections Moynihan (and others) has raised against the Grenadian operation are of the character of legal objections to detaining Lee Harvey Oswald on the morning of November 22, 1963, for carrying without a permit a pistol in his pocket while on the way to work. The Warren Court strictures decreeing the immunity from prosecution of criminals whose smoking pistols were spotted without a search warrant are the metaphor for those who say that President Reagan should not have acted because in doing so he was in "clear violation of Article 18 of the charter of the OAS."

A quick résumé. The charter of the OAS commits us to refraining from the use of force against a member-nation unless acquiescence in such an operation is antecedently granted by the OAS or by the United Nations.

Now there are profound legal scholars (for instance, Eugene Rostow of Yale, etc.) who contend that notwithstanding Article 18, the United States acted legally. Such attenuations are given as that a treaty does not require you to wait until the enemy has actually struck before you can preempt that strike; or (especially applicable) that there is no conclusive presumption here that the "government" of Grenada was anything of the sort—the people who killed the people who staged the 1979 coup were more accurately regarded as agents of Moscow and Havana than as representatives of the people of Grenada. And there is also that business of the laws of "vicinage," which entitle a neighbor to pre-emptive concern with what goes on next door that is designed against him.

BUT MORE transcendent considerations are in order. Senator Moynihan, last April, professing his belief in the rule of law at a public ceremony of which Woodrow Wilson's international idealism was the focus, undertook an analysis of current developments in international affairs that flagrantly subvert the Wilsonian position. Senator Moynihan (and the international strict constructionists) believes that you must not act unless the UN code permits you to do so. But Senator Moynihan, in his April speech, as in so many other pronouncements, acknowledged that the Wilsonian dream of international rule by law is a joke as far as the Soviet Union is concerned, and also as far as the UN is concerned. The question logically arises whether in such circumstances the United States can be guided by eristic interpretations of treaties and covenants that are mere covers for continuing subversive activity by an enemy plainspoken in its devotion to undermining international peace, democracy, and order.

Moynihan said last April, "The charter of the Organization of American States similarly presumes that member governments will be democratic in character." Like Grenada under Bishop and his murderers? And, remarking the corruption of thought in the same UN that denounced our move in Grenada, Moynihan observed that "a huge transmutation of the role within the international order of an organization such as the United Nations could take place without any very clear recognition by government or even public opinion that anything unusual had occurred."

Senator Moynihan is, as the saying goes, hoist by his own petard. He has laid the intellectual groundwork for justifying the dismay with which his hysterical objections to the Grenada operation were greeted on that day after. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. The scapula (2 words) — 69 170 1 116 127 134 185 194 27 49 / 60 74 81

B. The unborn young of a viviparous animal — 71 131 39 65 100 110

C. An evergreen that is prominent late in December (2 words) — 155 180 7 66 109 125 146 173 206 41 / 47 56 62

D. Exceeds in extravagance, according to Hamlet (2 words) — 167 159 179 186 192 199 209 17 84 96 / 106 120 8 26

E. A tableau displayed at Christmas (2 words) — 195 20 46 121 140 149 162 40 137 158 / 204 2 6

F. The conqueror of Goliath — 9 147 36 135 118

G. One of Goldilocks's acquaintances (2 words) — 61 72 79 42 128 88 172 16 92 53

H. Prematurely ended — 83 123 200 10 102 28 182

I. Covers snugly — 18 64 87 148 45

J. Where many people spend their vacations (2 words) — 95 55 11 145 23 25 154 19 67 76 / 89

K. Nickname for King Henry VIII — 129 44 157

L. A book of the Old Testament — 138 15 214 156

M. Nationality of David Lloyd George — 103 29 160 174 5

N. One of Queen Elizabeth I's courtiers — 108 205 191 77 141 51 22

O. A mischievous person — 4 13 63

P. A dirge — 136 203 142 52 122 104 31 105

Q. A 63-gallon container — 152 99 212 176 24 32 161 78

R. A river in West Germany — 181 210 57 34

S. The murder of babies — 14 139 178 183 165 202 153 3 175 190 213

T. Beginning to develop — 30 107 166 59 37 144 207

U. The senior baseball circuit (2 words) — 114 12 21 35 48 168 86 93 111 187 / 132 151 68 97

V. A book of the Old Testament — 177 98 193 38 163 113 80

W. One of the early Church Fathers (3 words) — 33 94 119 82 124 133 184 211 91 208 / 50 201 196

X. Two books of the Old Testament (Douai) — 43 215 115 73 189 85

Y. Where Cain went — 117 164 197

Z. An expensive item given to chickens (2 words) — 169 188 58 198 75 130 112

* A river in Wyoming — 54 70 90 101 126 143 150 171

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1630 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

		1 A	2 E	3 S	4 O		5 M	6 E	7 C	8 D	9 F		10 H	11 J	12 U	13 O	14 S	15 L
16 G	17 D		18 I	19 J	20 E	21 U		22 N	23 J		24 Q	25 J	26 D		27 A	28 H	29 M	30 T
	31 P	32 Q	33 W	34 R	35 U	36 F	37 T	38 V		39 B	40 E		41 C	42 G	43 X		44 K	45 I
46 E	47 C	48 U	49 A	50 W	51 N	52 P	53 G	54 *		55 J	56 C		57 R	58 Z	59 T	60 A	61 G	62 C
	63 O	64 I	65 B	66 C	67 J	68 U	69 A		70 *	71 B		72 G	73 X	74 A	75 Z	76 J	77 N	78 Q
	79 C	80 V	81 A		82 W	83 H	84 D	85 X	86 U	87 I	88 G	89 J		90 *	91 W		92 G	93 U
94 W		95 J	96 D	97 U		98 V	99 Q	100B	101*		102H	103M	104P		105P	106D	107T	108N
109C		110B	111U	112Z		113V	114U	115X		116A	117Y	118F	119W	120 D		121E	122P	
123H	124W	125C	126*	127A	128G	129K	130Z	131B		132U	133W	134A		135F	136P	137E		138L
139S	140E	141N	142P	143*	144T	145J		146C	147F	148I	149E	150*	151U		152Q	153S	154J	
155C	156L	157K	158E	159D	160M	161Q	162E	163V	164Y	165S	166T		167D	168U		169Z	170A	171*
	172G	173C	174M	175S	176Q		177V	178S		179D	180C	181R		182H	183S	184W	185A	
186D	187U		188Z	189X	190S		191N	192D	193V	194A	195E	196W	197Y		198Z	199D	200H	201W
	202S	203P	204E		205N	206C	207T	208W	209D	210R	211W	212Q	213S	214L	215X			

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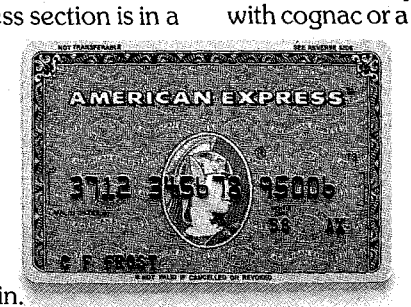

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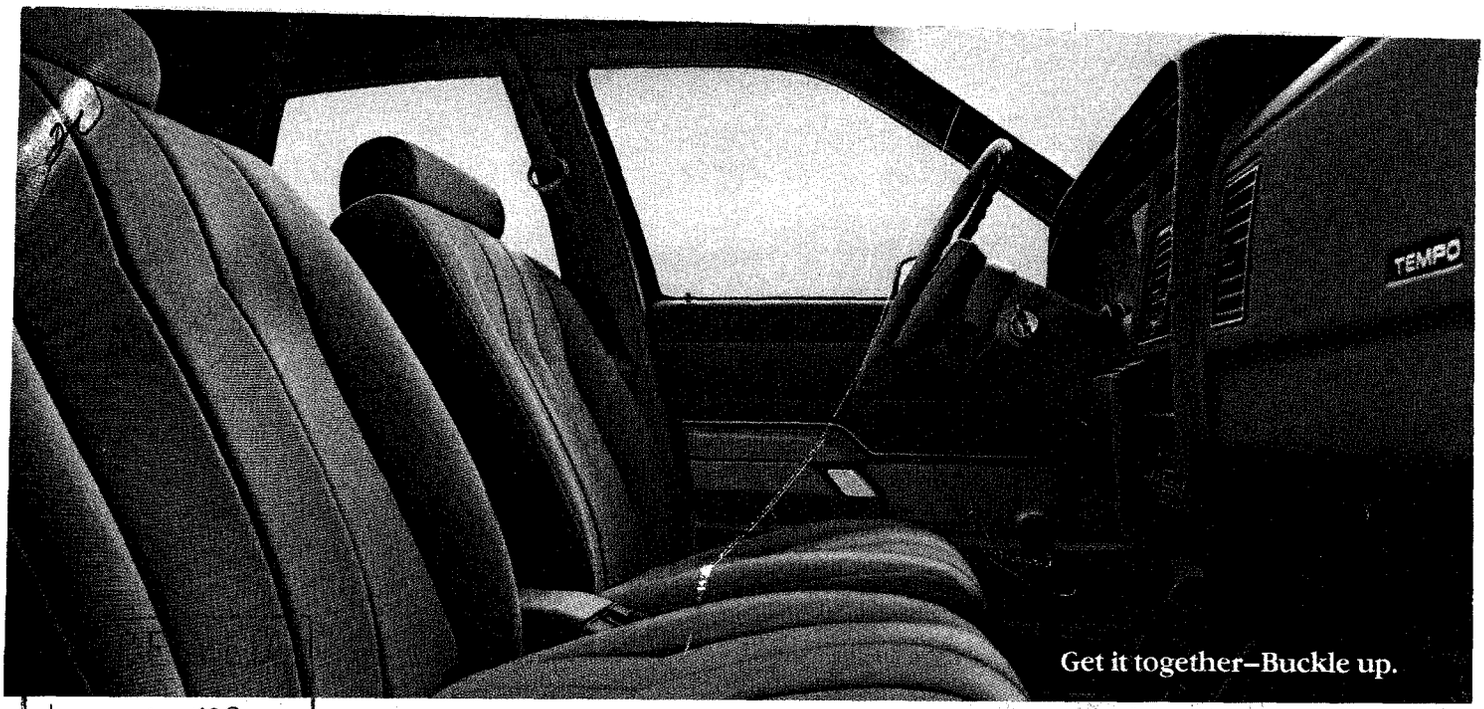

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